

THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1828.

ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON.

NEVER perhaps was there a period when the privacies of domestic life, and the peculiarities of personal character, were so frequently exposed for the gratification of public curiosity, as at present. Autobiographical reminiscences, and periodical publications, have largely contributed to increase the appetite for this kind of knowledge; and dramatic writers, and performers, especially the latter, have, beyond any other classes of individuals, been the victims of this system of literary exposure. Such persons, in fact, live almost constantly before the public, and they necessarily pay the penalty of that notoriety which they covet; for the daily and weekly journalists, while they abundantly praise the handsome, the expressive, or the grotesque features, the eloquence, wit, humour, or talents of a favourite actor, are also ever on the alert to note his foibles, misfortunes, follies, or more serious delinquencies; and these they treat as fair game for the amusement of their readers.

Few among the heroes of the sock and buskin, in the present day, have been more severely treated by the retainers of the press, than the subject of this memoir. It is by no means our intention to engage in the developement of the charges, which have from time to time been brought against him, or to undertake the task of defending his character from the attacks of his adversaries. The general circumstances of his personal history, the narrative of his professional career, and the appreciation of his talents, will afford ample materials for the satisfaction of reasonable curiosity.

ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON is a native of the metropolis, and
VOL. XXVII.—S. I. R

was born in Orange-street, Bloomsbury, about the year 1772. His father, who carried on business as a watch-maker, in Charles-street, Covent-garden, was the youngest son of a respectable farmer, at the village of Gidgrave, near Orford, in Suffolk. When he was nine years old, Robert was sent to St. Paul's school, at the expence of his uncle, Dr. Elliston, master of Sidney College, Cambridge; who intended his nephew for the church, in which he would doubtless have had opportunities for obtaining him promotion. He spent seven years at this seminary, passing his vacations with his kind relation at Cambridge. His own inclinations, had probably, as is too often the case, been little consulted in the choice of a profession; and he soon discovered that the stage, rather than the pulpit, was the fittest place for the display of his abilities. Having gained considerable applause by the public delivery of an English oration, he was so much flattered by his success, that he resolved to forego his prospects of advancement in the church, that he might indulge in more congenial pursuits.

The circumstance which gave rise to this meditated change in his destination, took place in 1789; and he shortly after made his appearance at a private theatre, the Lyceum, in the character of *Pierre*, in Otway's "*Venice Preserved*." His next step was more decisive. In consequence of some trifling disagreement with Dr. Roberts, the head master of St. Paul's school, he left that seminary, without the knowledge of his friends, at a time when he held a high station among his fellow-pupils. Thus, at the age of sixteen, he rashly freed himself from the control of his superiors, and threw himself on his own resources for support.—Bath was the scene of his first appearance as a candidate for the favour of the public. He went thither with an acquaintance, but not being able to obtain any engagement at first, he was reduced to great distress, and was obliged, as a temporary means of support, to become clerk to a lottery-office keeper. He had occupied this situation only a few weeks, when, through the kindness of a stranger, to whom he became known, he found an opportunity for making his theatrical *débüt*, in the part of *Tressel*, in "*Richard the Third*," early in the year 1791. His first essay is said to have had all the success which could be expected in a character of so little importance. He did not, however, stay long at Bath; but, through the recommendation of a Mr. Wallis, was admitted into the company be-

longing to the York theatre, then under the management of Tate Wilkinson, who several years ago published his *Theatrical Reminiscences*, under the title of the "Wandering Patentee." In that work honourable mention is made of the abilities of Mr. Elliston, who, however, did not find his ambition satisfied by the portion of fame which he acquired at York. He had by this time discovered that the characters in which he expected to shine, belonged by prescriptive right to performers of longer standing than himself; and that it was a task more difficult than he had anticipated, to rise at once to the head of his profession. Disgusted at the disappointment of his hopes, he resolved to retrace his steps, and if possible recover the protection of his friends. With this view, he sat down and penned a penitential letter to his uncle, Dr. Elliston; the result of which was favourable, and he was enabled to return to London.

As the nature of his late employment precluded the possibility of his entering the church, and his inclination for the stage returned, his uncle procured him an introduction to Mr. John Kemble, who recommended him to study the part of *Romeo*, and promised him an engagement at the opening of the new theatre in Drury Lane. Before that event took place, he met with Mr. Dimond, the Bath manager, who was then performing at Richmond; and being engaged by that gentleman, he made his *second* appearance at Bath, in the character of the love-stricken *Romeo*. His success now was decisive; and the indisposition of other performers having furnished him with opportunities for displaying the versatility of his talents, he soon became the hero of almost every piece. While thus advantageously employed, he received an offer of an engagement at Drury Lane, with a salary of forty-shillings a-week, which he, of course, declined; and without hesitation renewed his contract with Mr. Dimond, for four years, at an increased salary.

At length, desirous of making an exhibition of his talents in the metropolis, he procured leave of absence from Bath, that he might make a personal application to Mr. Colman, manager of the Haymarket theatre. In taking this excursion, he had also another object in view. He had formed an attachment for a beautiful young lady, (Miss Randall,) who had, on his account, been sent by her friends to London, and he was anxious to follow her. She, however, unexpectedly returned to Bath before he quitted it; and notwithstanding the efforts which were made

to prevent their union, he succeeded in obtaining her consent, and took her to London as his bride.

Mr. Colman, just at this period, had engaged in a controversy with Mr. John Kemble, relative to the merits of a tragedy written by the former, intitled "*The Iron Chest*," founded on the story of the murderer, in Godwin's novel, "*Caleb Williams*." This play having been brought out at Drury Lane, where Kemble performed the principal character, *Sir Edward Mortimer*, without success; the author attributed the failure to the actor, and appealed to the press. He was desirous also to have a new exhibition of the drama at his own theatre; and Elliston was fixed on as the successor of Kemble. He was accordingly engaged, and he made his first appearance at the Haymarket, on the 24th of June, 1796, in the character of *Octavian*, ("*The Mountaineers*;") and *Vapour*, ("*My Grandmother*." He soon after played *Sir Edward Mortimer*, with such success as was extremely flattering to the manager, and consequently advantageous to the young performer. *Sheva*, in Cumberland's "*Jew*," was another character which contributed to establish his reputation: and he was also applauded in *Walter*, in "*The Children in the Wood*."

In the winter of 1796, he appeared at Covent-garden, and performed there, and on the Bath stage, alternately; from which circumstance he acquired, from some of his rivals, the sobriquets of "*the fortnight actor*," and "*the telegraph*." This scheme did not appear to be pleasing to the public, or profitable to the manager, and it was soon discontinued; Mr. Elliston becoming for a while fixed at Bath.

In 1803, he engaged with Mr. Colman, as not only his principal performer, but also his acting manager, in the room of Mr. Fawcett. On taking his benefit, in 1804, he procured the use of the Opera House, for the night, apprehending that the Little Theatre would not be sufficiently capacious for his numerous friends and admirers. The entertainments were "*Pizarro*," the ballet of "*Little Fanny's Love*," and "*Love laughs at Locksmiths*." Before the doors were opened, so many people were collected in the street, that the shops in the neighbourhood were shut by their alarmed occupiers. On the opening of the doors, the press was so violent, that it was impossible for the money-takers to do their duty, and numbers rushed in without paying. The money was then collected in the pit. Those who

had purchased tickets for the boxes, found their places pre-occupied; and a great disturbance took place. Mr. Elliston, desirous of satisfying all parties, proposed to accommodate those who had been disappointed of their places, as well as he could, behind the scenes. About eight o'clock the curtain rose. Instead of *Elvira* being discovered alone, the stage was filled with a motley group of spectators, whose strange appearance called forth laughter, hisses, and groans, from the rest of the audience. Mrs. Litchfield, who represented *Elvira*, was obliged to retire. Mr. Elliston then came forward to apologize. He begged that the indulgence which had, on a late occasion, been granted to a foreigner, might not be denied to one of their countrymen: and this lucky observation restored the people to good humour. The entertainments were not over till nearly two o'clock in the morning. The receipts amounted to about £600; though, if all had paid, they could not have been much less than £1000.

The following winter, Mr. Elliston was engaged at Drury-lane, where he attempted the characters of *Hamlet*, *Richard III.* &c. the result of which experiment was a conviction in the minds of the spectators that his talents, however versatile, were not adapted for the highest walk of the drama. The year 1805 was the last of his management at the Haymarket; and it was at this period that his performance of the three *Singles*, in the farce of "Three and the Deuce," rendered that piece a favourite entertainment. At his benefit, this year, he produced a drama, called "The Venetian Outlaw, a translation of a French play, "L' Homme à trois Masques," the credit of writing which was assumed by a Mr. James Powell, who had sent a piece from the same original to the theatre; but it did not appear that Mr. Elliston had seen it.

He subsequently became manager of the Birmingham theatre; and he likewise kept a bookseller's shop, and opened a coffee-house, at Leamington. At Birmingham, he got up the play of "The Africans," in twenty-four hours. He had the book down one evening, and made his company perform it the next; while his *Selico*, (Mr. Conway,) did not arrive at Birmingham till six o'clock on the evening of the performance, bringing with him the score of the music from London.

In 1809, Mr. Elliston took a lease of the Surrey Theatre for three years, at an annual rent of £1500. At this place he brought forward "Macbeth," in verse, altered from Shakespeare,

by Mr. Lawler, of which precious composition the following specimen has been given:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?

My brains are scattered in a whirlwind stormy!"

His next speculation was at the Olympic Theatre, in Wych-street, of which he became proprietor, or manager; and where, in a pecuniary point of view, he appears to have been very successful. The fortunate issue of this undertaking roused all his ambition; and on the abdication of the partnership management of Drury-lane, under the famous sub-committee, Mr. Elliston assumed the direction of the grand national theatre. Sanguine were the expectations of his friends, as to the advantages which would arise from his government to the theatrical world. But though his management was, in some respects, superior to that which had preceded it, the result proved disastrous to himself, and not very satisfactory to the public. He expended a great deal of money in building a portico to the theatre, and re-modelling the interior; and these, perhaps, were among his most praiseworthy proceedings. On the other hand, he hired Dr. Busby, as a salaried examiner of plays offered for his acceptance; he exhibited Lord Byron's tragedy, "*Marino Faliero*," a piece neither intended nor adapted for the stage, in spite of the opposition of the author and publisher; and he behaved with such illiberality and violence to Mr. Poole, as subjected him to punishment, on an appeal to a court of justice. These are matters of public notoriety, as well as his assaulting Mr. Moncrief, another dramatic writer; and his various disputes with his performers, from Mr. Dowton, down to a party of poor glass-blowers, whom he had engaged to walk in a stage procession, and afterwards refused to fulfil his agreement with them.

After having wasted at Drury-lane, the property which he had gained elsewhere, he found himself obliged to withdraw from the exalted station which he had occupied; and last year he became manager of the Surrey, the scene of his former triumphs. There he reigns, sovereign of the melo-drama, much to the amusement of the public; and as he has now found a situation better adapted to his talents than the last, it may probably prove as profitable to himself as that was disadvantageous.

The histrionic talents of Mr. Elliston would form a fair subject for criticism; and we should feel disposed to indulge in a

few remarks on his capabilities and performances, but the length of this article has already exceeded the usual bounds. We must, however, find room for an anecdote from "The Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin," which is both curious in itself, and interesting on account of the notice it affords of Mr. Elliston.

Through the intervention of Mrs. Mattocks, Mr. Dibdin had the honour* of being selected by the Princess Elizabeth, to write a Vaudeville, which was to be represented for the amusement of their Majesties, at Frogmore; and he gives the following account of the affair:—"I need not say how grateful I felt for the distinction, how much I thanked Mrs. Mattocks for her participation in my feelings, and how eagerly I enquired who were to represent the *Dramatis Personæ* of the piece. Mrs. Mattocks said 'There need only be three principal parts, which would be acted by herself, Mr. Quick, and Mr. Elliston.' She entreated me to pay particular attention to the character to be assigned to *her*; as she had need enough, God knew! of every assistance an author could afford her; while Quick was such a favourite of his Majesty, that he would be able to make *anything* tell. 'And Mr. Elliston, madam?' asked I, 'he is a gentleman I know little of: in what does his *forte* consist?' 'Oh! my dear sir, the king has seen him somewhere, at Weymouth, or Cheltenham,—and *rather* likes him: so he will do well enough as—a—sort of a—the *gentleman* of the piece'—Which, I replied, 'it is not easy to make so good a part as the others;' and this the lady assented to, treating it as a matter of no consequence. Just then, Mr. Quick entered the room, and many compliments passed between the veteran pair. Finally, I had my instructions, as to the length, &c. of the projected drama, and seemed to satisfy them, when I detailed the momentary thoughts which struck me, as presenting an outline on which to form it. On bidding adieu, Mr. Quick, in spite of my opposition, insisted on seeing me down stairs; and with the street-door in his hand, and the richest comic expression in his eye, whispered—"Take care of me, and don't give that woman all the cream!"

* This proved a very profitable honour to Mr. Dibdin; for he received the sum of five guineas for writing the Vaudeville, out of which he paid two for copying the manuscript.

PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:

A Tale.

(Continued from page 153.)

Ah! who is the maiden who wanders the heath,
And sings to the roar of the ocean beneath;
The wind lifts her tresses, and April's soft showers,
Hang, like gems, on her dark locks entwreathed with wild flowers.

THE thoughts of Mr. Irvin and his companion were so intently occupied by the events of the past scene, that they did not at first observe that they had taken the wrong path, and were nearly opposite the ruins of C—— church, which stood about a quarter of a mile from the sea.

Francis had often heard visitors to the neighbouring sea-ports descant on the beauties of this noble piece of antiquity, and he requested Mr. Irvin to allow him to take a nearer survey of the place. The Vicar kindly and immediately complied with his wishes, and Francis was gratified beyond his utmost expectations. Few can visit this majestic ruin without feelings of profound awe, or gaze on the once hallowed fane with a careless and indifferent eye.

The mind seems instinctively to recal the thousands who have trod these grass-grown aisles, and who now sleep calm and forgotten beneath the sod. A small church of more modern date occupies the steeple end of the ancient edifice, but so little does it take from the size of the old structure, that it serves to make it appear yet more stupendous. "Where could the people have resided who once filled this magnificent building?" said Francis glancing round him; "I can only discover a few scattered houses, and fishermen's cabins, on the spot."

"This ruin must serve as a record of their fate, and supplies the place of a monument. The devouring waves of the ocean has consumed the dwellings of the children of the land, and even their graves, together with this magnificent pile, will in a few years share the same destiny," returned Mr. Irvin; "but, Francis, we are not alone!"

Young Stanhope started as his eye fell for the first time on a young peasant girl who had remained motionless as a

statue, steadily surveying the ocean through an old telescope which rested against a broken abutment of one of the Gothic windows.

Her dress was very plain, but fantastically adjusted, and her long dark hair, that fell in neglected tresses round her face, was crowned with a wreath of the graceful leaves of the ash, which had been gathered from the noble tree which grows in front of the ruins, and appears like the drooping genius of the place, weeping over the graves of her departed children. The girl rose, and presenting the telescope to Mr. Irvin, asked him with great simplicity to see if he could discover a ship upon the sea. "I dare say there is one," she said; "but my eyes are dim with tears, and I cannot hold the glass steadily." The wandering glance of the large, light blue eye, revealed to the humane vicar the state of the poor creature's mind. He took the glass, to please her, and looked for a few minutes through it attentively. "The sea is quite calm, my dear, and is occupied by no vessel larger than a fishing-boat."

"He will not come to-day, then," said the girl with a deep sigh; "I will go home, and tell my mother so."

She was about to depart, but Francis, who felt strongly interested in the object before him, enquired whom she expected.

The colour flushed the poor girl's pale emaciated cheek as she replied—"One whom the neighbours tell me will never return; but he will come home to his poor Mary, now the days are long and the weather is fine, and we shall be so happy again!" She looked up, as she ceased speaking, with an expression of lively hope in her eyes, which a moment before were dim with tears, then with a heavy sigh turned them once more on the ocean: "The sea is quite calm on the ocean now, and glitters like silver in the sun-beams; but in the winter it is dark and stormy: I hope he will come before the long dark nights, for when the moon is behind the clouds, I cannot see his ship. My eyes ache and my heart aches, and my temples burn; and I say, he will come on the morrow—but the morrow comes, and finds me still alone."

At this moment they were joined by the mother of the girl, a sensible-looking elderly woman.—"Alas! gentlemen," she said, "you must pay no regard to my daughter, her mind is distracted. It is a heavy trial to me, but the Lord's will be done."

"How long has she been afflicted? and what was the cause of her frightful malady?" asked Mr. Irvin.

"The woman sighed deeply, then leading the girl to a little distance, she bade her sit down on the piece of a broken column, and tie up a nosegay for the gentlemen from the heath which grew in abundance at her feet. Poor Mary joyfully obeyed, while her mother returned to the gentlemen.

"I dared not, sir, mention the cause of her calamity before her. She is more sensible to-day, and would have discovered herself to be the subject of our discourse."

"Is it possible," said Francis, "that she is so unfortunate as to be conscious of her present state?"

"Oh, yes, sir; at times, deeply so. Then she will weep, and call herself a poor, lost creature. I lived in hope for a long time that she would ultimately recover. But she is not long for this world, the grave will soon terminate her sorrows.

"Three years ago she was a good, industrious girl, the pride and joy of my heart, and she greatly assisted me with her needle in helping to support a large family. We had a neighbour, a fisherman, who had resided in the house adjoining for thirty years, and the strictest friendship subsisted between the two families. His only son, a fine, handsome young man, bore an unexceptionable character in the village, and sailed as mate in a trading vessel belonging to a wealthy merchant in the neighbouring town, from whom he earned very good wages, and always appeared smart and respectable.

"Robert, from a boy, took a fancy to my Mary, and their affection strengthened with years into the most ardent attachment. The match pleased all parties, and their banns were put up at church, and the day appointed for their marriage. But Mr. Turner's vessel, at that juncture, happened to be loaded and just ready to sail for London with a very valuable freight of corn on board, and he particularly requested Robert to go that voyage; and he, willing to oblige his master, consented, though very reluctantly, to leave his betrothed bride. Mary only waited his return to become the wife of the man on whom she had for years placed all her hopes and affections; but the expected vessel never again entered the port to whence she was bound, and, after a few weeks of agonizing suspense, we concluded the probable result, that she had sunk in the night, and all hands had perished.

Robert's aged parents soon followed their only son to the grave, and well had it been for Mary had she shared their fate; but she was young, and strong, but the grief which could not break her heart, turned her brain; her quiet mind forsook her, and we had soon the sorrow of beholding our darling child a confirmed maniac. Mr. Turner, out of compassion, got her admitted into St. Luke's hospital. She was there a twelvemonth, and was then dismissed as an incurable patient. Since her return to her native village, she has formed the idea that her lover is not dead, but will certainly come back one-day, and marry her. As this hope became stronger, her violence diminished, and she is now perfectly tractable and harmless, confining her malady almost entirely to this spot, to which she has taken the most enthusiastic predilection. She calls these ruins her home, and tells me that she and Robert mean to live here, and be very comfortable. She lingers here with that telescope from break of day to sunset, and often her watch extends through the long hours of night, when the weather is fine and the moon is at full, for darkness brings to her bewildered mind a thousand imaginary horrors.

"I never argue her out of this idea, as some of our neighbours do; she is happy in the hope of his return, and becomes frantic when any one strives to convince her to the contrary."

"You are right," said Mr. Irvin; "what would be the use of depriving her of the only consolation her mind in its bereaved state is capable of receiving?"

"Ah, sir!" returned the woman, casting her eyes mournfully towards her daughter, "when I call to mind what she was three years ago, and see her thus, it is enough to break my heart." She turned away and burst into tears.

Mary, who by this time had finished selecting her nosegays, approached the gentlemen, and giving Mr. Irvin a bunch of beautiful heath and harebells, tied together with a piece of long grass, said in a plaintive voice, "Wear this to remember poor Mary." "I shall not easily forget thee, poor, afflicted one," returned the vicar, accepting the proffered gift, and slipping some money in exchange into the thin, extended hand. The girl smiled, and with an air of ineffable sweetness turned to Francis,— "You are young, and, if you love, ought to be kind and true; for woman's heart is tender, and droops before neglect as quickly as these flowers wither in the heat of the sun. That

heath is an emblem of joy—it raises its crimson crest aloft, and smiles in all weather; but this harebell is a type of sorrow—it bows its desponding head to the earth, and, like me, goes on in its way weeping. Farewell, and when you would be false-hearted, look at these flowers, and remember poor Mary.”

She put the nosegay into his hand, and, taking her mother's arm, they disappeared among the ruins; and Francis and Mr. Irvin, deeply affected, pursued their walk to the town.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

TO ROSA.

THE glimpse of the light bark is lost to my view,
Whose course is directed, dear Rosa! to you;
Yet the bright eye of fancy still follows the sail,
And the pinions of thought fan the easterly gale.

O! say, when that bark is about to return,
Will one thought of your soul on its light sail be borne?
Will one sigh from your heart o'er the billows pursue
The heart that is faithful to friendship and you?

Oh! yes—and your spirit and mine shall delight
In fancy, on Ocean's dark wave to unite;
Every light-bounding pulse shall in unison beat,
Each feeling, the feeling of sympathy meet.

Delightful the thought! but the pencil of truth
Too often o'ershades the fair pictures of youth;
And the joys that we fancied too bright to decay,
Like the smiles of the evening, vanish away.

If such be the fate of the feelings we cherish,
If the joys of our youth should be destined to perish,
May the flowers that wither in life's chilling even,
More brightly re-bloom in the garden of Heaven.

A. E. P.

PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY; MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL
STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

(Continued from page 95.)

NORTHERN AFRICA.

THE REGION OF MOUNT ATLAS, BARBARY, AND ZAHARA.

THE Moors of Tripoli marry extremely young, as early even as seven years of age, and the women are often grandmothers at twenty-six, or twenty-seven. When Mr. Tully was at Tripoli the wife of the hookah-smoker first mentioned

PAGES MISNUMBERED

were found the victims who had perished in them; who having died alone, unpitied, and unassisted, were in a state too putrid to be removed from the spot, and were, necessarily, buried in the place where they lay. In others, children were wandering about, deserted, without a friend belonging to them. The city was almost depopulated; rarely two people walked together. Innumerable habitations were empty, and there were even whole streets without a living creature to occupy them.

The state of Tripoli, possessing an extensive territory, but depopulated, full of barren districts, and a prey to anarchy, is the weakest of the Barbary states. The hereditary prince, or pasha, who reigns here, does not annex to his name the title of Dey, but only that of Bey. He is more dependant on the Sublime Porte than the princes of Tunis or Algiers. He does not maintain regular troops, and his navy consists of some xebecs and armed polacres. The Danish frigate, the Naiad, of 40 guns, commanded by captain Sten-bille, being

heath is an emblem of joy—it raises its crimson crest aloft, and smiles in all weather; but this harebell is a type of sorrow—it bows its desponding head to the earth, and, like me, goes on in its way weeping. Farewell, and when you would be false-hearted, look at these flowers, and remember poor Mary.”

She put the nosegay into his hand, and, taking her mother's arm, they disappeared among the ruins; and Francis and Mr. Irvin, deeply affected, pursued their walk to the town.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

TO ROSA.

THE glimpse of the light bark is lost to my view,
Whose course is directed, dear Rosa! to you;
Yet the bright eye of fancy still follows the sail,
And the pinions of thought fan the easterly gale.

O! say, when that bark is about to return,
Will one thought of your soul on its light sail be borne?
Will one sigh from your heart o'er the billows pursue
The heart that is faithful to friendship and you?

Oh! yes—and your spirit and mine shall delight
In fancy, on Ocean's dark wave to unite;
Every light-bounding pulse shall in unison beat,
Each feeling, the feeling of sympathy meet.

Delightful the thought! but the pencil of truth
Too often o'er shades the fair pictures of youth;
And the joys that we fancied too bright to decay,
Like the smiles of the evening, vanish away.

If such be the fate of the feelings we cherish,
If the joys of our youth should be destined to perish,
May the flowers that wither in life's chilling even,
More brightly re-bloom in the garden of Heaven.

A. E. P.

PRIZE ESSAY.

“VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL
STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA.”

(Continued from page 85.)

NORTHERN AFRICA.

THE REGION OF MOUNT ATLAS, BARBARY, AND ZAHARA.

THE Moors of Tripoli marry extremely young, as early even as seven years of age, and the women are often grandmothers at twenty-six, or twenty-seven. When Mr. Tully was at Tripoli, the wife of the bashaw's first minister was eleven years of age, and that of the Spanish consul thirteen.

The plague sometimes rages here with great violence. In the year 1785, more than two hundred persons were known to have died in a day. And in the course of six weeks this dreadful pestilence carried off two-fifths of the Moors, half the Jews, and nine-tenths of such Christians as could not procure the conveniences necessary for a quarantine; nearly all the officers of state died; and, after it had ceased, the city exhibited an appearance awfully striking; in some of the houses were found the victims who had perished in them; who having died alone, unpitied, and unassisted, were in a state too putrid to be removed from the spot, and were, necessarily, buried in the place where they lay. In others, children were wandering about, deserted, without a friend belonging to them. The city was almost depopulated; rarely two people walked together. Innumerable habitations were empty, and there were even whole streets without a living creature to occupy them.

The state of Tripoli, possessing an extensive territory, but depopulated, full of barren districts, and a prey to anarchy, is the weakest of the Barbary states. The hereditary prince, or pasha, who reigns here, does not annex to his name the title of Dey, but only that of Bey. He is more dependant on the Sublime Porte than the princes of Tunis or Algiers. He does not maintain regular troops, and his navy consists of some xebecs and armed polacres. The Danish frigate, the *Naiad*, of 40 guns, commanded by captain Sten-bille, being

once perfidiously inveigled into the harbour of Tripoli, was attacked by the Tripolitan navy. The frigate drove off all the xebecs and polacres, and made the pasha tremble in his palace, so that he offered more moderate conditions than he usually enacts.

Captain Lyon thus describes the wife of Sheek Barood, prime minister to the Bey: this lady has the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in this part of Africa. "On my entrance, she veiled herself so as to exhibit to advantage her arm, with all its gay ornaments; and on my requesting to be favoured with a view of her face, she, with very little reluctance, gratified me. Her chin, the tip of her nose, and the space between her eye-brows, were marked with black lines; she was much rouged; her neck, arms, and legs, were covered with tattooed flowers, open hands, circles, the name of God, and of her numerous male friends. She had a multitude of ear-rings and ornaments set with very bad and counterfeit jewels, and weighing altogether, I should think, two or three pounds. Her shirt was of striped silk; and she had a rich purple silk baracan, or mantle, gracefully thrown round her, and fastened at the breast by a gold pin with ornaments of the same metal suspended from it; all the other articles of finery which she possessed were displayed round the tent, whilst a number of poor thin wretches, resembling witches, sat round her in astonishment, never having in their lives seen such a paragon of perfection. Like all Arabs, they touched what pleased them most, one admiring this object, another something near it, so that our poor belle was sometimes poked by a dozen fingers at once; all, however, agreed on one point, that she was beautifully and excessively fat, and I must say I never before beheld such a monstrous mass of human flesh. One of her legs, of enormous size, was uncovered as high as the calf, and every one pressed it, admiring its solidity, and praising God for blessing them with such a sight. I was received most graciously, and invited to sit close to her, when one of the first questions she asked me was, if in my country the ladies were as fat and handsome as herself. For the plumpness of my countrywomen, I owned with shame that I never had seen one possessed of half such an admirable rotundity, which she took as a great compliment; but I did not attempt to carry the

comparison any farther, though she was really very handsome in face and features. She amused herself, while speaking, with playing on a kind of drum made of clay, called *derbooka*, by beating with one hand, and playing with the fingers of the other; and perceiving that I was amused by it, she ordered an old man to get up and dance. The females sang and clapped their hands in good time, and the dancer went through a variety of figures, all equally indelicate. A woman then succeeded him, and in this respect quite threw him into the shade; but as I knew it to be the general mode of dancing in this part of Barbary, I of course applauded it. Lalla Fatima herself then thought proper to honour us with a few graceful attitudes in the same style; but Mr. Ritchie's entrance into the tent soon put a stop to the exhibition, and the ceremony of veiling took place in the same manner as before."

To the west of Tripoli is the kingdom of Tunis, the ancient *Africa Propria*, and the seat of the Carthaginian power. In the middle age, the state of Tripoli was subject to Tunis, of which *Barbyrossa* took possession in 1533. At the present day, the Tunisians, more civilized than the Algerines, are their inferiors in power, and have some difficulty to support their independance. The state contains four or five millions of inhabitants. The Moors, who are the agriculturists and merchants, are less numerous than the nomade Arabs. The Turkish and Mameluke soldiery are comprehended under the designation of *harifi*, and are now deprived of all influence. The princes, who are hereditary, are descended from a Greek renegado, and a Genoese female slave, but are surrounded by an army of Moors. The regular army does not amount to 20,000 men, and the navy consists of a few vessels armed for giving chase. Addicted to agriculture, and other branches of industry, the Tunisians are less given to piracy than the other people of Barbary. The state revenues may amount to a million sterling.

The heat becomes insupportable in July and August, when the south wind brings the heated air from the interior of Africa. The city of Tunis is one of the first in Africa. It has a harbour, with good fortifications. The only fresh water to be had is rain water. This city has manufactures of velvets, silks, cloths, and red bonnets, which are worn by the people. The chief exports consist of woollen stuffs, red bonnets, gold dust,

lead, oils, and Morocco leather. The most active part of the trade is carried on with France. In no part of Barbary are the Moors so tolerant and so courteous as here. The commercial spirit of ancient Carthage seems to hover over this locality, so long the focus of African civilization and power. The ruins of that ancient city are to the north-west of Tunis. Her harbours, once the asylum of so many formidable fleets, seem partly filled up by the falling in of the ground. In the south-east part are seen some remains of the moles by which they were bounded. A noble aqueduct is still to be seen, a monument of the Roman power, under which the second Carthage flourished.

The city of Tunis, which is most ineligiably situated, contains above 130,000 inhabitants, including 30,000 Jews; and is built without the smallest regularity. The streets are so extremely narrow and filthy, that it is with difficulty you can pass them; in fact, nothing but the most salubrious climate on earth could prevent the prevalence of contagious diseases here, as the manners of the people, added to a want of precaution, are calculated to produce the most serious consequences.

The only buildings particularly worthy of notice are a few mosques, and the new palace just built for the Bey; this is a very magnificent structure, in the Gothic or Saracenic style; and, though not quite finished, promises to be one of the most superb residences in Barbary, as neither pains nor expense have been spared in its decoration. The lower part of this building is fitted up with a variety of fanciful shops, in which the Tunisian productions are sold by traders, who rent them from the Bey.

To form any idea of the landscape which surrounds Tunis, it is necessary that you should visit the ruins of Carthage. This once celebrated capital of a great country is now only distinguished by its cisterns, the remains of some amphitheatres, and an aqueduct; the whole a melancholy emblem of the instability of human greatness. We cannot, however, help being struck with admiration on a review of the place which was chosen as the site of this city. It was built on a high promontory, forming the western extremity of Tunis Bay, now called Cape Carthage; and, without exception, a more magnificent coup-d'œil cannot be conceived, than is presented to the beholder in the scene before him. The eye, wandering over

extensive and highly-cultivated plains, sometimes interrupted by hills that form a semicircle of more than one hundred miles, is at length gratified by a range of lofty mountains, that bound the horizon on each side. Amongst these, Zowan is the most conspicuous, and celebrated for having supplied Carthage with water; the aqueduct constructed for its conveyance was equal to any of the most stupendous works of antiquity; the remains of it have been traced for seventy miles over a very irregular and hilly country; indeed, several hundred arches are still to be seen. This is an admirable monument of human industry, an equal to which few other countries can boast.

Among the modern places we may mention Barda, the Tunisian Versailles, being the palace in which the Bey resides. The Goletta, a well-appointed fortress, commands the roadstead of Tunis, and the entrance of a large pool, which is scarcely navigable for boats: Biserta, a fortified town, is situated on a lagoon, which is exceedingly well stocked with fish; and might be formed into a magnificent harbour.

Nearly the whole country of Tunis abounds in Roman antiquities, so much so, that Dr. Shaw, who visited it nearly a hundred years ago, thus writes respecting it, "A traveller can scarcely avoid falling into a serious train of thought, when he observes such vast scenes of ruin and desolation as are here exhibited. He is struck with the solitude of a few domes and porticoes that are left standing, which history tells him were once crowded with inhabitants, to whom Syphax and Massinissa, Scipio and Cæsar, the Saracens and Turks have, in their turns, given laws. Every pile, every ruin, points out to him the weakness and instability of human art and contrivance, reminding him of the many thousands that lie buried below, and that are now consigned to oblivion.

Proceeding westward, we enter the state of Algiers. This kingdom, watered by the Sheliff and the Vadi-Jioli, is crossed, in its southern parts, by the chains of the Atlas, called Lowat and Ammer. According to M. Desfontains, the territory of Algiers, with the exception of the parts bordering on the desert, is less sandy and more fertile than that of Tunis. He found the climate more temperate, the mountains higher and more numerous, the rains more plenty, the springs and streams more frequent, and the vegetation more active and more diversi-

fied. The mountains arrest the clouds that come from the north, and condense them by means of the snows which cover their summits, so that they fall down in rain. There are many rivers and salt springs, and near the lake called Marks, there is a mountain of rock salt. Several mineral springs are known. Earthquakes are frequent, but not disastrous. There is a sandy plain which the Moors call Shott or Shatt, which is sometimes inundated, and receives five small rivers.

The city of Algiers which contains a population of 80,000 souls, or 120,000, according to some, rises in the form of an amphitheatre at the extremity of a fortified anchoring ground, which however is not safe in a north wind. The city when viewed from the sea presents a beautiful and magnificent spectacle. The numerous and handsome country seats scattered over an amphitheatre of hills, among groves of olive, citron, and banana trees, present a rural and peaceful landscape, very dissimilar in character to a nation of pirates.

In Algiers there are about 14 or 16,000 Turks. The remainder of the population consists of Coloris, or Kulogloos, Jews, Moors, Arabian shepherds, Negro slaves, and Christians; part of whom, till lately, were in a state of slavery, part free.

There is only one principal street in the city; this runs from east to west, and contains the shops of the merchants, and the markets for corn and other commodities. The other streets are so narrow that two persons can scarce walk abreast in them, and the middle part of each being lower than the sides, is always dirty. Persons walking in these streets are continually in danger of being run over or thrown down by camels, horses, and mules, that are passing. The principal houses in Algiers are of a square form, with a court in the middle, and galleries all round. They have all flat roofs; and, as they communicate with each other, a person may walk along the whole length of a street on the tops of the houses. Many of the inhabitants embellish their terraces with gardens, and have small summer-houses upon them. By the laws of this place, they are compelled to white-wash their houses, both inside and out, at least once a year. Algiers contains very few edifices that are either magnificent or beautiful. The most considerable of them are the mosques, more than a hundred in number, and the palace of the Dey. Some

of the former are of large size, but are by no means remarkable as specimens of elegance or taste. The palace is an extensive building, nearly in the middle of the city. It is surrounded by two superb galleries, one above the other, and each supported by marble columns; and it contains two grand halls, in which the public dowans or councils are held. At Algiers, as in most cities of the east, there are many public baths. These are large and sumptuous, paved with marble, and in general well furnished with all the conveniences that are requisite for such places. The Algerines are the most cruel and dangerous pirates of Africa, and are perfidious and rapacious in the greatest degree. Those who reside on the coast are said to be excessively savage towards all such persons as have the misfortune to be shipwrecked in their neighbourhood. The administration of justice belongs chiefly to the *cadi*, who is obliged to attend at the court once or twice every day, to hear and determine the several suits and complaints that are brought before him. But all affairs of importance are referred to the Dey himself, or in his absence to his principal officers, who for that purpose sit "in the gate of the palace," according to the custom recognised in Scripture. Some of the punishments are exceedingly cruel. A Jew or Christian, guilty of a capital crime, is taken out of the gates of the city, and burned alive; a Moor or Arab is either impaled, that is, has a sharpened piece of wood thrust through his body, is hung by the neck over the battlements of the city, or is thrown down upon hooks fixed in the wall below, and there suffered to hang till he expires.

The army, which is composed of Turks, chooses the Dey, or sovereign, whose arbitrary power seems to be mitigated by the principal officers composing the Divan; the members of which are chosen from the oldest warriors. The army consists of about 6500 Turks; but during war, and when the *Coloris* are armed, the city of Algiers can send 16,000 men into the field. The revenues raised in the three provinces, from taxes on the Jews and Christians of Algiers, from the government monopoly of grain, the sale and ransom of prisoners, and confiscations, amount to a million and nine thousand Algerine piastres. The sciences and arts here are in a most deplorable state. The Algerines are even indifferently skilled in ship-building, and their compass is only marked

with eight points. The chase is with them an interesting occupation. In autumn and in winter, fifty or sixty persons join together to hunt the lion, the leopard, and other ferocious animals.

The government of this country is a military aristocracy, at the head of which is the Dey, whose authority somewhat resembles that of the late stadtholders of Holland. A dewan or council is appointed for the purpose of aiding him in his deliberations; but the members of his council, which are about thirty in number, possess very little power. The Dey is always chosen out of the army, and this dignity is open to any one who can attain it. The tumult and confusion to which this circumstance gives rise, cannot well be conceived by those who live under civilized governments, where hereditary power is transmitted in regular succession. At Algiers every aspiring soldier, however mean his origin, may consider himself eligible; and he may succeed, if, when he has plunged his scymetar into the breast of the ruler, he can still trust to its protection. Hence there is, in general, a rapid succession of Deys; for scarcely one in ten escapes assassination. The right of electing the Dey is vested in the militia, and every soldier, however low his rank, is entitled to vote. Algiers is considered to be in some degree subject to the Grand Signior; but the Dey pays no other tribute to the Porte than a certain number of annual presents. The military force of Algiers does not exceed from twenty to thirty thousand men; and the soldiers, in general, are cowardly and undisciplined. The naval force of the country has, till lately, consisted of about twenty ships of war. There are indeed numerous other vessels, which belong to individuals, called corsairs. The commanders of these are little better than pirates, and they formerly committed great depredations among vessels belonging to all the Christian countries, seizing the ships and cargoes, and conveying the crews as slaves to Algiers. By the spirited conduct, however, first of the Americans, and afterwards of the English, in retaliating upon the Algerines the injuries they had sustained by this conduct, attacking their capital, and destroying their whole navy, this infamous system has, we hope, been for ever abandoned.

The EMPIRE of MOROCCO is a remnant of the great African monarchies, founded by the Arabs.

This state embraces a territory of 500 or 550 miles in length and 420 in breadth, almost as large as Spain, even when we confine ourselves to the cultivated parts of the provinces of Segelmesiás, Tafilet, and Darah, situated near Mount Atlas.

The population, Mr. Jackson confidently fixes at 14,000,000. This is no extraordinary number for a fertile country of 120,000 square miles, but it is far greater than former accounts gave us reason to suppose, and truly wonderful, according to European notions, if we consider the tyranny of the government, and the want of external commerce.

The climate, excepting for three months in summer, is very pleasant, but the dreadful hot wind of the desert prevails for fifteen days or three weeks before the rainy season, which commences in September. At this time the rains are not constant. Much snow falls in the valleys of Mount Atlas.

Without bewildering ourselves in the labyrinth of the topography of the provinces, we shall take notice of the principal cities. Fez, the capital of the kingdom of that name, is conspicuous among the African cities for its ancient literary renown. The passion for study, however, is now extinct. It has preserved some manufactures of silk, wool, and red Morocco; it has an active trade, and is said to contain a population of 30, or according to some, 60,000 souls. Mequinez, in the plain to the west of Fez, has, on account of its salubrious climate, been frequently selected as a place of residence for the Sultan. On the coast of the Mediterranean, the fortresses of Melilla, of Pennon de Valez, and of Ceuta, possessions of little use to Spain, are memorials of the attempts which the Christians have made to invade, in their turn, the territories of Islamism. In Tetuan, a town of 20,000 souls, the houses are generally two stories high, and good, but the streets are extremely narrow and gloomy. Their mode of building is to make a large wooden case for the wall, or for a part of it, into which they put the mortar, and when it is dry the case is removed. The roofs are flat, and the women who live in the higher apartments, walk along them in paying their mutual visits. The women are so handsome, and at the same time so susceptible, that Mussulman jealousy has been obliged to prohibit Europeans from settling in it.

The capital of this kingdom, and the ordinary residence of the Sultan, is properly called Merakash. It contains, according

to the best authorities, from 20 to 30,000 inhabitants; silk, paper, and red Morocco manufactures, large magazines of grain, built under the direction of a Danish architect, and numerous mosques, one of which had minarets, surmounted with four globes, which were said to be enchanted, but which a sheriff had courage enough to order to be removed. On the coast we find Mazagan, a Portuguese fortress, which was unsuccessfully besieged by 200,000 Moors.

Magadore, the only regularly built town in the empire, is situated on a low flat desert of accumulating sand; and at the spring tides, is nearly surrounded by the sea. It consists of a citadel, and an outer town. The citadel contains the custom-house, treasury, and other public buildings, and the houses of the foreign merchants. The outer town is occupied by the mass of the inhabitants, and is walled in, and protected by batteries and cannon.

The houses of Magadore are built similarly to those in the other parts of the empire; but the residences of the foreign merchants are peculiarly spacious. They have each from eight to twelve rooms on a floor. These open into a gallery that goes round the house on the inside and forms an opening in the centre, appropriated to the warehousing of goods, and the transacting of business. The roofs are flat and covered with a composition of lime and small stones; and they are regularly white-washed once a year. Magadore has a beautiful appearance at a distance, and particularly from the sea; but on entering the streets, which cross each other at right angles, we are greatly disappointed, for they are narrow, and the houses, having few windows towards the street, have a melancholy appearance.

The first idea which strikes a stranger's mind here, is the cleanliness which prevails around, from the white-washed houses and white clothing of the people. On entering their houses, indeed, some falling off is perceived in this respect; yet where the religion of a state makes this virtue of the second class an article of duty, it cannot but be attended with considerable result. These streets are thronged by foot passengers, all in a hurry, discussing, apparently, with most vehement gesticulation; and the open places are filled with groups sitting in the shade, cross-legged, enveloped in loose clothing, and in silent gravity. The tall stature, manly countenances, and regular features of the youth, and long beards of the aged of

the Moors, with their light drapery, falling in redundant folds to the feet, and cast in the most picturesque manner over the head, afford a living exemplification of the most beautiful remains of the Grecian chisel.

The streets here are not paved, whereby they are dirty in wet, and dusty in dry weather; although, as the subsoil is a sand, this inconvenience is rather less felt than it otherwise would be. However, it causes the roofs of the houses, which are flat, to be most preferred for taking air, or indeed exercise. But as every thing must carry an inconvenience with it, the glare from the white-wash is, before sun-set, disagreeable and injurious to the eyes. The houses are constructed on the principle prevalent in Spain; inclosing an uncovered court, or area, round which are galleries communicating with the apartments on each floor. On the house top is usually a turret. The family lives on the first floor, the store-rooms, warehouses, and stabling being, of course, below. As far as parapets, ramparts, embrasures, cavaliers, batteries, and casemotes (for it has been admitted Magadore has them all) constitute a fortress, this town is one; but the walls are flimsy, the cavaliers do not command, the batteries do not flank, and the casemotes are not bomb-proof. The embrasures are so close, that not one gun in three upon the ramparts could be worked, if they were mounted, which they are not.

The walls of the city of Morocco include a vast space. Since it does not fall to the lot of many to be able to ascertain how much, there is great scope left for hyperbole and incredulity. As here is no fauxbourg, it could easily be ascertained by riding round them on the outside; to which probably no objection would be made. The towers are said to stand at distances of a hundred yards, and perhaps this is not far from the reality. Their number, with the general figure of the place, would thus furnish data for determining nearly the quantity of ground inclosed. But the area, even if justly calculated, would throw little light upon the question of population. The waste ground about the grand mosque seems not less than thirty acres. Arabs encamp now in this tract, like gipseys upon a common in England. Yet this was once under buildings. The palace cannot occupy much less space, and the Sultan has various gardens, besides those of his residence, and many, extensive ones too, are in the possession of his great

men. The place of execution is a large expanse; and there are besides entire tracts, some under delapidations of recent date, some under groves of palm-trees. How numerous are the Jews here! how populous their quarter! Yet, numerically they constitute but a very small part of the population of Morocco. The crowds of populace, and their obtrusiveness as elsewhere in the world, debar observation, and information otherwise obtained cannot be depended on. But these circumstances, above recited, go in corroboration of the accounts of the vast population of this city in former times. Moorish families are very numerous; all their habits of life are in favour of increase, several families live in one house; and in the occupied parts of this city the streets are narrow, and the houses closely built. To observation, in the present day, the youth, under twenty-five years of age, greatly preponderate. In their vast crowds too, it is to be recollected, one half of the human race, the female part, does not make its appearance. The system of caption or slavery, from the time of the Spanish wars by land, always by sea, tended in some degree to recruit numbers, although this is a resource hardly worth notice in calculation. It is said that, in the days of its glory, Morocco sent out of each of its twelve gates, 90,000 combatants.

Little has been as yet said of the Jews, frequently as they present themselves here to a stranger's notice. None can be more important, among the people of this country, to a European, for on them he is obliged in nearly every respect to depend. By them it may almost be said he is to live. They afford a lamentable instance of the depth to which political degradation may morally debase human nature. The facts will speak for the causes. Under all their vexations, their honourable attachment to their religion is as inflexible here as elsewhere. Christians renegade daily; or, if they do not, it is for want of encouragement: but such a thing is unknown among the Jews. It is probable, however, Mahommedism would not permit itself to be polluted by the introduction of a Jew convert, any more than it would feel a triumph in making one. However, they perform their ritual in their synagogues here, to the honour of the established religion, unmolested by outrage or mockery.

(To be continued.)

THE QUESTION;

OR,

"IS SHE AN HEIRESS, OR A BEGGAR?"

(Continued from page 159.)

ANOTHER year passed away, and the inhabitants of the cottage remained much in the same state, yet their contracted means became necessarily more pressing, for as Louisa advanced towards womanhood, and attracted attention by her increased beauty and accomplishments, it will be evident that her expences increased also: little parties, and gala dresses, though the first is only a cup of tea, and the last a muslin frock, will nevertheless make themselves felt in a narrow purse; and there were times when anxiety on such points, more for her mother's sake than her own, clouded the open brow of the gay daughter; and in doing so, added the charm of sensibility to the attraction of youth and vivacity. It is certain no affection is so strong as that which bears the ordeal of self-renunciation; no virtue so perfect, as that which is tried and found sterling: Louisa, under existing circumstances, became such a character as she could not have become if either doomed to the sense of absolute adversity, or indulged by ease in the lap of prosperity; she had no affliction poignant enough to press on her spirits, and retard the progress of her improvement; nor had she sufficient ease to effect the same injury by carelessness or pride; there was enough of hope to stimulate her to exertion, and sufficient pressure to prevent it from misleading her.

In the mean time, Edward Forrester was sent by his prudent father to Cambridge, and the delicate state of his eldest son's health furnished an apparent reason for his daughters absenting themselves from the cottage, and the withholding of all invitations to the hall, without making any such breach as might hereafter be deemed irreparable. Lady Forrester, a meek and tractable woman, occupied with the cares of a mother for her first-born, submitted to every modification of manner prescribed by her husband; but she never beheld the widow and her child without signifying her affection for them, and in doing so,

prevented them from noticing the coldness of her husband's manner, though the change was seen and felt by both very painfully.

Louisa was advancing towards her seventeenth birth-day, when a letter was received which surprised her in the first instance, and pleased her afterwards, although it arrived at the very time when a neighbour observed that Mr. Edward Forrester was coming home for the vacation. It was from Mr. Eustace, her great uncle, desiring that his sister-in-law would come to London, and bring her daughter immediately, as he wished to see her, and also to give her a little recreation; for which purpose he had engaged for their reception, a handsome house in the west end of the town, with servants, and every convenience; as he designed them to remain for three months, during which time, he should, of course, provide for their expences in a suitable manner.

Louisa thought that three months was a prodigious time, in which she could see all the wonders, and enjoy all the pleasures of the metropolis; her mother thought three months would soon be over, and yet it might fix the taste, and therefore destroy the innocent pleasures of her daughter for life: she could not, however, bring herself to damp the ardour of her child's desires at such a moment, and she even thought it a happy thing that they should depart before Edward's arrival at the ball; since she was certain that he would contrive to see Louisa, and might thereby give offence to his parents, and involve them all in difficulty; and therefore lost not an hour in setting out.

Mr. Eustace's carriage met them at the inn, and conveyed them to a handsome house in Gore-street, where the old gentleman received them in a kind, but somewhat punctilious and scrutinizing manner, but every look he gave Louisa appeared to give him satisfaction, and he repeatedly wiped his eyes after he had observed "that she was very like her father in his boyhood." He dined with them, and during the evening, informed them, that he expected his nephew in the course of the following summer, who he believed, although of delicate health, was a very fine young man; but beyond this assertion, he never proceeded, for in fact, he knew that the poor creature was alike imbecile in mind and person, and being in the habit of speaking the truth, this attempt to disguise it, embarrassed and distressed him.

On departing, he told Mrs. Eustace, that, during her stay in town, his carriage was wholly at her disposal; that on the morrow she would receive a visit from Mrs. Wilmington, the widow of a General officer, who lived much in the world, and would assist her in providing fashionable apparel, and introducing her to society: "She is," he added, "an old friend of ours, and, although she looks smart, can remember your husband a child. At this end of the town women carry themselves in somewhat of an odd style to plain people like us, but she is truly respectable, and to you will be very valuable; nevertheless you, Lucy, must not let her turn your head; remember that both your time and your money will soon have an end."

The following morning, Louisa having slept off her fatigue, rose early and scampered into every corner of the house before any other servant was stirring than their own little damsel of all-work, now promoted to the honour of being her own personal attendant, and who found so many things for which she could neither discover a name, nor an use, that she was delighted to take a lesson from her young lady, that she might not betray her ignorance before *Lonon folks*." In many instances, Louisa was nearly as much at a loss as herself, for the ancient furniture, and substantial grandeur of the hall, which was the only house of any style she had ever entered, neither exhibited ottomans, chaise-longues, grecian-lamps, or molu ornaments, nor many other indispensable appendages to drawing-room furniture; every thing had, therefore, the charm of novelty, as well as splendour, to recommend it, and her spirits were so exhilarated that she could with difficulty persuade herself to retire when the housemaid made her appearance, and the preparations of the broom banished her to the dressing-room.

At a late country dining hour, Mrs. Wilmington made a morning call, which she protested was early: she was a fine, showy woman, about fifty; dressed, to Louisa's eye, in a bonnet of preposterous dimensions, and a cloak of gaudy colours; and her style of conversation, to her unpractised ears, seemed to resemble her dress, as being rather striking than elegant, more calculated for exhibition than interest: yet her manners were kind; and kindness, like charity, would cover more faults than the new friend displayed. The quiet, undeviating, and unpretending propriety of Mrs. Eustace's manners, soon showed, that although she was thankful for kindness, she was, notwith-

standing her humility, far above patronage; therefore, Mrs. Wilmington became the friend, and dropt the patroness; and, in consequence, appeared soon an agreeable acquaintance.

A visit to splendid millinery rooms in Bond-street, and a drive round the park, taught our young rustic to think those articles of dress which she abhorred at first sight, tolerable at the second, and indispensable at the third, for the eye soon accommodates itself to that which is general. It was not difficult to dress two persons well, to whom nature had been so favourable as our country ladies, and on the second night of their sojourn, few persons cut a better figure in the boxes of Covent-garden theatre than they did, being accompanied thither by Mr. Eustace as an especial favour, since he never visited there more than once in a season, and had already made his annual visit. The astonishment and delight of Louisa on first seeing the house, the deep interest she took in all she beheld, delighted her uncle; but the heartiness of her laugh as elicited by Liston, shocked their *chaperone* so much, that she declared, "It would be absolutely impossible to venture out again, until the young lady's spirits were tamed sufficiently *pour l'usage de société*."

The following morning, this desirable point seemed already accomplished, for the over-excitement of the evening rendered her languid, until she recalled the memory of her entertainment, when her description of her sensations became so *naive* and piquant, that Mrs. Wilmington, who was almost a constant guest, observed, that the dear young creature "was scarcely less a wit than a beauty;" but turning, with an air of great anxiety, to Mrs. Eustace, she added:

"Yet, charming as all this, my dear madam, I hope your prudence will restrain it in society; with one, or two friends, wit is very acceptable, and nothing can pass off a solitary evening like *badinage* given with genuine humour; even in large parties, very young women talk now a-days continually; but they must not sport wit, or they will be inevitably ranked with the quizzers, that is, the satirical, who are a race every body encourages, but nobody endures."

"Then, I suppose, real knowledge is called for, even from the young, in this enlightened era?"

"Oh! no, a woman who displays any reading beyond the last novel, or opera, is voted a blue-stocking, and though courted by one, is shunned by twenty: a blue girl, is a kind of prema-

ture plant of the old maid species, gazed at as a curiosity, but exploded as a belle."

"Is it then the fashion for ladies to be sentimental in conversation?"

"Certainly not, except when they positively set up for moral and religious reformers, which is still worse than being blue."

"Then may I ask of what their conversation consists, as to subject or manner?"

"Really, my dear Mrs. Eustace, it is very difficult to say of what they talk, or how they talk; but it is certain, that what you would call the best informed in every company, say the least. By and bye, you will see how the thing is managed; you will dine with me, you know, and meet a most charming little party, precisely what you and dear Mr. Eustace would wish Louisa to know: there will be Lady Caroline Ilchester, I hope; you know she is the late Duke of Clare's daughter; and the three Misses Pendulous, charming girls, seen every where; you will be surprised to hear how they get on; yet no person, I am sure, could say that they ever heard one witty, clever, much less moral, or sentimental, thing, come out of their mouths."

"But they cannot all talk in one party?" said Louisa, enquiringly.

"Yes, they do manage it some way; one perhaps talks all dinner time, which answers very well, because, gentlemen, you know, are always eating, and cannot interrupt them; another talks during the music, which takes off attention from the performer, and may therefore answer a double purpose; all I know is, that the very same class of girls who used to sit huddled in a corner, whispering and giggling, nipping each other's elbows, and pulling sashes or roses to pieces, now listen to their own voices without any signs of terror, and frequently with evident delight; but if they are really well educated and fashionable, they never let a word slip that argues knowledge of any kind, beyond that of distinguishing a good singer, remembering the name of a Parisian milliner, or a movement in a quadrille."

"They must have a power of *small* talk quite beyond my comprehension," observed the mother.

"It is all *tact*, my dear Mrs. Eustace; it is a species of technical knowledge which belongs only to fashionable life; I have known the most talented persons utterly devoid of it, yet it is certain a person of talent may easily acquire it."

"Pardon me, if I question that possibility; it is not easily for a highly-gifted mind to descend so far."

Mrs. Wilmington turned this over many ways in her mind, without making any answer, for she had no notion of any ascent, or descent, but such as existed in certain circles; she thought little of the claims of birth, (considering that she was born a gentlewoman), and even those of rank were in her opinion subservient to those of fashion. To be considered a leader of *ton*, was in her opinion the *ne plus ultra* of human station and achievement, and, so far as high rank conduced to this distinction, and rendered it easy of attainment, it was the object of her envy, but no farther, for she well knew that wealth could go beyond it in attraction. In condescending to bring forward persons devoid of either, she considered, in the first place, that beauty was always captivating; and in the second, that fortune could not fail to charm; therefore, the whole world must thank her for bringing out Louisa, who possessed much of the former, and was likely to obtain a large portion of the latter; to this it may be added, that whatever were her foibles, she was a good-natured woman, with more kindness towards the young than is often found in the character of fashionable women, who are *un peu passu*.

At the appointed day, the company spoken of assembled at Mrs. Wilmington's house. When Louisa saw the gay equipages of the party, as they approached, she felt a little uneasiness, which she communicated, by saying to her mother—

"Do you think it quite right that we should mix as equals with these great people?"

"Not quite, Louisa; but the sin (if it is one) does not rest at our door; we are here in obedience to the will of one who can, if he pleases, give us a permanent, not less than a temporary right, to live amongst them."

As Louisa was not only fashionably, but very becomingly dressed; she soon attracted the notice of the gentlemen, who were partly prepared to render her homage by Mrs. Wilmington, and who in her new, unhackneyed countenance, found a charm beyond her beauty. The ladies took her into favour much more hesitatingly; and the first time she ventured to speak, absolutely appalled her in its consequences, for a dead silence followed, so remarkable, that she determined not to utter another syllable, whatever might be the temptation. At this time dinner was

announced, and she found herself, she scarce knew how, seated between Captain Crawford and Lord John Salmes; on the other side of his Lordship was Lady Caroline, whilst, a little below, Miss Emma Pendulous was seated, and it soon appeared that this was indeed her time for talking; as she kept up a kind of running fire during the whole of the first course, which Louisa vainly endeavoured to catch, and still more vainly to retain,—it resembled the smoke of the viands, no sooner seen than gone.

Determined to take a lesson, if it were possible, she then inclined towards the noble personage, on the other side, and with some degree of surprise, heard Lord John enquire of Lady Caroline—

“Has your brother heard any thing about slashing Ned, this morning, do you think?”

“Yes, I think he sent Jervis to enquire, whether he was dead or not.”

“Well! and what answer did he get?”

“I don't know, I didn't attend to the answer.”

“Umph! I wish you had; I am exceedingly concerned for the fellow, he was so terribly punished. Big Jem absolutely crushed him, as completely as I crush this oyster patty.”

“Dear me! how droll it was.”

“Very droll, but I do wonder people can like such sights, for all that.”

Louisa thankfully attended to her companion on the other side, who enquired if she had heard Pasta the evening before.”

“No, I never had the pleasure to hear her yet.”

“So much the better, I really envy you.”

“Envy, Captain Crawford? envy a person so absolutely lost and wretched, as one must be, who never heard that divine creature; absolutely I did think I should have died on the spot.”

“In which case no one would have envied you, Miss Emma. I rather think Miss Eustace in her ignorance, would have cut a better figure with a book, or work, in her hand, than you extended before a coroner and jury.”

“How shocking you are!” said Miss Emma.

“How droll he is!” said Lady Caroline.

“Yes, I repeat it, I do envy you, Miss Eustace, (said Captain Crawford, after giving a look of recognition to the ladies who honoured him by such dissimilar exclamations) the novelty of the pleasure, in first hearing the charm of Pasta's exquisite

voice, conveying the deep emotions of the tragic muse, at once entrancing your senses and touching your heart."

"I am very desirous of hearing her," said Louisa, "for I can form no idea, at present, that singing in sorrow will not strike me as ridiculous; I have thought it very much so at the theatres, for although the songs were charming, they appeared out of place, and——"

"Pardon my interruption, common sense is quite out of place in the world of fashion; people go to an opera to have their ears tickled, their sciences exhibited; they ask no more. But this Pasta, it seems, gives more? surely she is not wrong in concluding that her audience has heart and mind, not less than taste or curiosity?"

The Captain was making a very clever reply, when Louisa observed there was a general silence at the table, and the eyes of Mrs. Wilmington were fixed upon her with a look of alarm, which caused the pure and eloquent blood to rise to her cheek. "What is the matter?" said she to herself, as hastily setting down a glass of untasted chablis, she glanced over her dress, her plate, and finally towards her mother, whose look of encouragement alone enabled her to reply to the nobleman who was taking wine with her. A smile passed round, indicative of pity in some, and contempt in others, and Louisa was too conscious of it, to recover sufficient composure for attending to conversation again, although the Captain several times addressed her in a very agreeable manner, and Lord John with an air of good-nature, that atoned for the singularity of his subject and the *brusquiere* of his manner: under her existing feelings, she was not sorry when the time came for the ladies to withdraw, that she might seek that protection from her mother which could not fail to re-assure her.

"My dear little friend," said Mrs. Wilmington, the first moment she could spare from her titled visitants, "I am sure you would give me credit for the maternal solicitude I felt, when I gave you that look; I was quite in terror for you."

"So I perceived, ma'am; but on what account, I cannot divine."

"Oh! my dear, you were making enemies faster than you can count them; the fact is (you know I am your sincere friend) you are not strong enough to contend with them; you are not a

decided heiress; not even pronounced a beauty; in time, my love, you may do what you please; but, till then, be content, my love to—to—you understand."

Louisa did not understand, but there was no following the busy lady for farther explanation; how she could have provoked enmity, she knew not, for she was certain, that although somewhat astonished by the repeated "how-droll," of Lady Caroline, and somewhat piqued by the manner of Miss Pendulous, she had really betrayed neither feelings; she had been treated unkindly, but had neither retaliated injury nor provoked anger: how then could she have awakened enmity? and what had her future fortune to do with it? she had not assumed the style of an heiress, or a beauty, either.

As these thoughts passed poor Louisa's mind, a shade overspread her brow, and it was only by a strong effort, that she prevented herself from suffering the tears, which sprang to her eyes, from becoming visible. Mrs. Eustace could not help contrasting her appearance in her present elegant dress, surrounded by all the externals of pleasure and importance, with that she wore at home, when feeding her bullfinch, or singing over her work, to say nothing of her still happier looks, when even from her bounded store she was enabled to offer something to the poor and aged; it seemed as if the cares of life at which she used to laugh, had seized her when she was naturally least prepared to meet them, and endure them.

A specimen of the small talk, Mrs. Wilmington had spoken of, might now perhaps have been had, but our country visitors were alike unable to notice it, for Louisa was too much puzzled and mortified, to do more than controul her own feelings in a very incomplete manner, and her mother sympathized too truly with her own daughter, to think much of other people; they were thus situated, when the gentlemen entered, and Louisa was suddenly directed to take her place at the piano, by Mrs. Wilmington.

B.

(To be continued.)

THE SIX CALENDARS;

OR,

**SKETCHES OF LIFE, FROM THE KNIGHT'S CELL OF THE UNITED
SERVICE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.**

(Continued from page 72.)

I WAS at — in the Levant, when I became an eye-witness of what I am going to describe.—The sad, but very interesting remnants of one of the poor Greek families, which had fled from Chios, after the direful massacre there, had taken refuge at the British Consul, on that part of the Levant coast I was then visiting; and, under his hospitable roof, I found the refugees:—a widowed mother, of a beautiful girl, and of a youth, hardly eighteen years of age; yet he had borne arms, (but it was in the defence of his father's life, which nevertheless his young arm could not preserve; and in that of his sister's honour, which he did rescue, though he brought away with him his death's wound;) and, happy in an opportunity of escape, when opposition could not be of any more avail, he embraced it; and I found the group under the cherishing shelter of a brave, and compassionate Briton. The youth's wounds did not excite any alarm of their having touched a mortal part, at the time he was brought away from the island; but short quiet at the consul's, on a peaceful shore, gave the mischief leisure to shew itself; and, very soon, the young Greek was declared in such extremity, that the rites of his church ordained for the benefit of those who draw near unto death, were to be performed on him; and this is called the office of the Holy Oil.

Seven, or even three, priests, are deemed sufficient to the service; which, however, is so far different from the Romish Extreme Unction, that it is not withheld, should it be desired from any stage of sickness; it being regarded as a healing rite, as well as an embalming one. A table being placed, a dish of wheat is set upon it; and upon the wheat an empty lamp is stationed, to receive the Holy Oil. Seven small twigs, are bound together with a slip of cotton, and stuck in the wheat. The Holy Gospel is laid upon it; and a taper is presented to each priest. Seven, or three of these sacred functionaries, stand round the table. The first takes the censor, and incenses the table, and also all the persons present. Then

standing towards the table, and looking eastward, he blesses God, and petitions for his mercy to accompany the application of the oil, to heal the patient from his infirmities, and from his sins. The first priest takes one of the twigs, and dipping it in the Holy Oil, anoints the sick person cross-ways on the forehead, the nostrils, the breasts, the mouth, the chest, and both sides of the hands; addressing the Divine Trinity as Almighty, and the saints as mediators. The second priest takes another twig, and repeats the solemnity and prayer; and in like manner, with the like invocations, the remaining priests proceed. When the seventh hath finished, the sick man, if he be able, stands, or sits, in the midst of the priests; but in the case of his being too ill, they stand round his bed, and the first priest opening the gospel, places it on the invalid's head.—He prays over it, and then raising it again, presents it to the sufferer's lips to kiss, who does so, reverentially, repeating "Bless me, a sinner!" After the benediction being solemnly repeated, the priests depart, and the sick man lays him down, often soothed in bodily guise, generally calmed to a salutary peace of mind. The young Greek, with a soft, and even beautiful smile, told his mother and sister, that it was so with him; "And I leave you, (said he,) to a better protector, whose Providence is over all, than my feeble aid could pretend to! He nerved my youthful sinews to repel the infidel ruffians at Chios! He brought you to this shelter, here under a Christian roof!—And he brings me, to bury me in the holy ground, with them who have also died in the Lord! Blessed, blessed be indeed the name of Him whom we serve!"

Before the moon rose that night, the gentle spirit of the young Odysseus had passed from earth, and taken its bright track, though unseen by mortal eyes, through those brilliant courts of heaven's passages.—I pause a moment, to observe, that some of the ceremonies used before burying the dead seem common to almost all people; Heathen, Jew, and Christian; as if one voice dictated to all mankind a kind of religious emblematic rite of purification, in the translation of the human soul from one state to another.—I mean that of washing the body of the deceased, and perfuming it with incense. This, in the Greek service, is accompanied with prayers and hymns. With persons of rank, a succession of priests attend

day and night, until the hour of interment, holding watch by the coffin, with tapers burning, chaunting anthems, and reading portions of the Holy Scriptures. When the time of watching is expired, and all things are ready for the last solemnity, the relations are then called together, who are to appear as mourners, and bear up the pall. But before the coffin is closed, the ceremony of the kiss must be performed; which is the last act of respect to the body. The priests first, and then the relations, and friends, take their farewell, thus, of the deceased, either by kissing himself or the coffin.—And it was the pale, cold, and beautiful face of Odysseus, that all the mourners who stood round his coffin, touched with their trembling lips.

“My son! my son!” cried his mother, extending her clasped hands over him, when she raised her head from his face, “thou art indeed gone before me! But thy father is already at the footstool of his God, and thy God, crying unto the Father of Mercy—‘Here I am, Lord! and the son thou gavest to me! receive us to thy grace’—See, the smile of that blessed death tells his mother so!” “It does! it does!”—was the thrilling response from the lips of the weeping sister, as she bent down, to seal her last filial kiss, on those of her beloved brother; and a trance, like a holy calm, held her silent, but tearlessly resigned, through the remainder of the solemnity.

After the priest has shaken forth his incense from the sacred censer over the corpse, and the persons present, he gives the funeral benediction, and the choristers chaunt this response—“O, our Saviour, let the soul of thy servant rest with the spirits of just men made perfect; and grant him that blessed life which is with thee, O! thou lover of mankind!—O Lord, let the soul of thy servant find peace, in thy peace, where all thy saints repose.—Thou art God, didst descend into Hades (or hell,) and delivered those that were bound. Do thou, Lord, give rest to the soul of thy servant!”*

The coffin is then borne to the church, or place of consecrated ground, the priest going before with a lighted taper, and the deacon with the censor.—The procession stopping, and the body being set down in the sanctuary, the ninety-first Psalm is sung in the most solemn cadence.—After this, follow other funeral an-

* Our Bishop Horsley has an admirable sermon on the subject of this Hades, not the hell of Punishment. It is on I. Peter. iii. verses 18, 19, 20.—read it, my readers.

them and prayers, some of which, for exquisite beauty and pathos, are unequalled in any composition of mortal man. I cannot forbear reciting a sort of apostrophé which is breathed in the softest and most affecting chant, as if it spoke from the hardly-closed coffin of the deceased.—

“Brethren, friends, kinsmen, and acquaintance! view me here lying breathless, motionless, bereft of all that made me beloved in your eyes! but yesterday, we conversed together, we looked on each other; and now death hath sealed my lips, and closed my lids for ever.—Come near, all who love me, and with a last embrace, pronounce the last farewell.—No longer shall I sojourn with you; no more will you hear the sounds of my voice.—To the Judge I go who is no respecter of persons: the master and the slave, the sovereign and the subject, the rich and the poor, all are alike before him; and according to their deeds, and his mercy, shall they be put to shame or to honour. Therefore, let me intreat, and beseech you all to pray earnestly unto Christ, our God, that I may not be tormented with the wicked, according to my sins, but be received into the light of life!”

Many tears were the silent response to this appeal; and all who were present, drew a step nearer to the coffin. The prayers which succeed, by the priest, are as striking to the heart of the listeners; shewing that mortal life is a flower, a vapour, the early dew of the morning; but that all rests in the power of the Lord of life, to make the flower re-bloom, and the dew to abide for ever, reflecting his own brightness!—after which the sacred functionary pronounces the burial benediction on the memory of the deceased—“May thy memory endure for ever, O! our brother; who art worthy to be blessed, and to be had in remembrance!”—The corpse is then laid in the grave, while the funeral anthem is sung over it; when it is lowered into the earth, the priest takes a shovel of dust, and casteth it in cross-ways upon the coffin, saying “The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof; the round world, and all that dwell therein!”—after which he pours out holy oil, and also incense on the lid. The grave is then covered in; and the solemnity ends with a prayer to the Saviour, for the rest and utmost happiness of the deceased. The mother of Odysseus knelt long, and in silence, by the side of the last bed of her son, even after all had departed, excepting the lonely priest who had performed the rite,

and the especial mourners ; which, besides herself, were Eudocia, the sister of the deceased ; the British Consul, his friend ; and myself, who could not but mingle my tears with theirs. In the course of a few days afterwards, I left —— ; and thought, in doing so, I had bade adieu to the interesting Greek matron, and her lovely daughter, for the ever of time !—Pass its limits, and, to the Christian pilgrim, eternity opens an interminable reunion of friend with friend ! But succeeding events make it probable that I may yet meet the long-remembered groupe in dear, happy England.—When the year of seclusion, in the deep grief of the maternal, and fraternal mourning, was passed away ; and Eudocia's pious hands, by the side of her again silently kneeling parent, inwardly breathing her prayers of resignation and faith over the grave of the beloved departed ; when they had strewed the fairest flowers of the spring on that green sod, then all bright in the first dews of the morning ; when that tender oblation was paid, and Eudocia placed in her own pure bosom a sprig of the rosemary which had touched the grass that had covered him, then my British friend ventured to meet her at his threshold, with his ready heart in his eyes and hand ; his overflowing eyes and bending his knee to her mother—" Oh," cried he, " would that I might be to thee, as a son ! my duty should follow the exemplar of him who first led my heart to this ! Eudocia, think of me, (and his eyes turned on her,) as one, who would dedicate his life to thy parent's peace for thee ! I have no dearer object under heaven !"

It is needless perhaps, to add, that such a pleader did not sigh in vain. He married that sweet girl ; and he is as a son to her mother. He is still on the Levant shores, in his public capacity, serving the British nation ; and serving general human nature too, in the hospitality he spreads before all the poor destitute of the persecuted fugitives from outraged Greece, who have been so happy as to come within ken of his gates of Christian brotherhood ; and more than one traveller, from his country, has passed from the sight of the Good Samaritan board he has seen surrounded in his little hall, speaking to his own soul on leaving the threshold—" Remember what thou hast seen and heard ; tell it wherever thou shall rest thy foot ; and, *Go thou, and do likewise !*"

BASIL, THE PILGRIM.

J. P.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOW'S JOURNAL.

(Continued from page 163.)

CALLAN. April, 1798.—On every side perplexity, dismay, and danger, surround us. The events of the last month have filled the friends of order and peace with apprehension and alarm. We hear, on all sides, of nothing but disorder, tumult, and outrage. Property and life are both placed in jeopardy by the restlessness of discontented and desperate spirits. This country is one of nature's favoured spots; here she displays the grandeur of Alpine scenery on the one side; towering masses of rock elevated to heaven; impending cliffs threatening the valleys beneath; mountain torrents, rushing with wild impetuosity in frothy cataracts into the peaceful river which glides through the neighbouring country.—To the right, the elevated land descends in a gentle curve; and, with various undulations, stretches out its green carpet, as far as the eye can reach, with varied beauty. Nature, now awakened from her long repose,—no longer bound in the icy fetters of winter, or chilled by its cold blast—rejoices in her emancipation.—The feathered songsters, in all the joy of renovated nature, carol their matin song of praise to the universal Creator. Every creature, but man, rejoices; the sportive lambs, in all the playfulness and innocence of their nature, give life, and beauty, and animation, to the scene before us. Yet how little are we enabled to share in this general joy!

The bugles of the light cavalry have announced the departure of the troops: all is hurry and confusion.—The greatest ignorance prevails as to their destination; whilst many a heart throbs with anguish, and with the anticipations of what the day of conflict may disclose. Thank Heaven that the gift of my little Emily preceded this day of gloomy forebodings. The grenadier company of the —, is ordered to remain here in readiness to march at an hour's notice. Thus my Henry is permitted to me yet a season longer.

Letters from England have arrived; but alas! they only reiterate the language of severity and parental displeasure. Ah! how my heart sinks within me into almost the hopelessness of despair as I contemplate the feelings of my family, and the solitude and dread by which I am surrounded. My father,

full of indignation, feels not the kindlings of parental affection; my mother, heart-broken and afflicted, mourns my disobedience and my father's inflexibility; yet the die is cast, there is neither space for repentance, nor opportunity of retractation.—Nor can I wish them. Henry, ardent, impetuous, high-spirited, brave, and generous, is all a wife can wish—and even “his failings lean to virtue's side.” Emily, my child, my first-born! Oh! how sweetly do her fond gaze and unconscious smile speak to a mother's heart! O lovely babe! sleep sweetly on thy mother's breast—here no affliction shall assail thee; no stern rebuke, no unfeeling censure, no proud scorn, no bitter sarcasm shall wound thy peace.—Oh God! spare, spare the beauty, the innocence, of this heaven-born babe!—Let the cruelty, the neglect, the stern severity of an unfeeling world wither the hopes, and blast the prospects of its imprudent parents, but in mercy avert from its helplessness and its guiltless simplicity those bitter, and withering, and corroding sorrows, which render life a scene of wretchedness, and convert its very joys into bitterness and disappointment!

But why indulge in such considerations? how few can understand or sympathize in the feelings of a mother's heart! How few know aught of the transports which the smiles of helpless infancy kindle in her breast! Alas! that ever the cares, or disappointments, or vexations of the world should dispel this bliss, or interrupt such worthy enjoyments.—The grenadiers are, I am informed, ordered under arms; much anxiety prevails as to their destination.—Circumstances have recently transpired which fill me with fear, perplexity, and anxiety.

MAY.—My worst fears are realized. Public events have ceased to interest my mind. Every packet brings the full confirmation of all my anticipations. My poor mother, heart-broken at my disobedience, has found the termination of her sorrows in that place where alone “the weary are at rest.” Her last prayer was an entreaty to my brothers and sisters, never to cease their exertions till they had mitigated the severity of my father's indignation. She had heard of my Emily's birth, and in pity for the innocent sufferer, had, in her dying moments, herself besought—but, oh! in vain—my father's forgiveness of my errors and disobedience. Oh! how does one act of thoughtlessness bring with it years of bitter regret and painful remembrance! how effectually does it

seal the doom of the transgressor, and cut him off from peace and hope! A mother, myself, I can now imagine the full anguish of heart which filial ingratitude must excite; and can now adequately conceive the full enormity of that guilt which is contracted by those, who, in the pride of their hearts, slight parental counsel, and rush, like the horse to the battle, in thoughtlessness and disobedience, to their own ruin.

In considering my unhappy situation, there is, I confess, much to condemn in my own conduct; but more, perhaps, to lament and to pity in my sad story. The severity and sternness of my father ever filled his children with dread and fear. We never approached him but with awe and apprehension. Joy never lighted up our countenance, nor pleasure sparkled in our eyes when he was present. The innocent gaiety of youth was chilled, and the openness and freedom of juvenile manners converted into coldness, reserve, and distrust. We recognized indeed in him, the authority, the power, the supremacy of the head of the family; but never were these tempered by the kindness, the affection, the love of the father. However boisterous our mirth, however elated our spirits, his entrance never failed to impart an immediate gloom, silence, and melancholy, to the domestic circle. In his presence, the voice of joy was hushed, and the tongue of infantile prattling mute. He was supreme both *de facto*, and *de jure*. His voice was never heard but to command. Commendation never flowed from his lips; nor did he ever condescend to caress or fondle, encourage or approve our efforts to please and obey him. My mother, on the contrary, was a woman of gentle manners, kind disposition, and the utmost benevolence of heart. The severity of my father's temper had broken her spirit, and she ever appeared depressed and broken-hearted. To her children she was most kind and most indulgent; ever desirous to counteract the effects which her husband's injudicious conduct was so well calculated to produce on their mind and principles. It may, therefore, be easily imagined, that her indulgence, approaching to weakness, was, in reality, injurious to our improvement and virtue.

But all my mother's kindness failed to render home happy; the hours spent with my governess were alone enviable; hence, from attachment to her, learning became a delight, a recreation, and an enjoyment. I was deemed shrewd and clever; my memory was retentive; and my judgment, for my age and

sex, wanting neither in vigour nor soundness. Among my young acquaintance I passed for an oracle; and, on every emergency, I was applied to, that my opinion might be the sole arbiter of all differences, and the correction of all errors. Educated at home, I knew nothing practically of the world; I had read many books, but I had never studied human nature; I knew French, Italian, and Latin; and in the ornamental branches of female education, I was not untaught; but I was totally ignorant of the philosophy of the human mind, of the workings of the passions, or of the influence of circumstances on the actions of mankind. I was a stranger to the various motives which influence human nature in its daily conduct; I knew nothing of the workings of the mind under the influence of the various passions, which, more or less, predominate in every bosom. Unpractised in the deceptions of the world, I was open and unsuspecting. Taught myself to adhere to truth and uprightness, I was not aware of the insincerity of the world;—candid and open, I was a stranger to its duplicity.—When, therefore, at the age of eighteen, I was introduced into society, I was charmed and delighted at the more than full realization of all the ideal and fairy visions which a young, inexperienced, and ardent girl had cherished and indulged. Every word uttered by the tongue of compliment or flattery I believed to be sincere, and could never be persuaded that men would condescend to utter falsehood only to be thought polite. Allured from a home which never was happy, I gradually ran the round of fashionable pleasure, and became an object of admiration to many of whom report spoke favourably; but none, save Henry, ever gained more than my respect.

But why have I so insensibly thus written? why thus lay open my heart and my story to the observation of all whom chance or curiosity may lead to the perusal of these papers? but of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak; and mine, at this moment, is full of anxious foreboding and care. Left, by necessity, to solitude, and the indulgence of my own reflections, I seek in the retrospect of the past some apology for my own imprudence; and in the contemplation of my former life, I endeavour to beguile the hours which now linger with weariness and distrust.

JUNE.—The daily anxieties to which I am exposed are of the most painful and distressing nature. Since we left Callan

I have been obliged to submit to all the privations which frequent change of residence, in a poor, uncivilized, mountainous, and agitated country, necessarily implies.—The troops are daily harassed by long and useless marches; many skirmishes take place, attended with the sacrifice of valuable lives, but without any decided or beneficial results. The peasantry are maddened by poverty, exaction, and oppression, into rebellion. The priesthood is deplorably ignorant, but possessed of tremendous influence; the good of the church, that is, the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic church in all its former power, wealth, and supremacy, is their acknowledged object. For this they sacrifice feeling, humanity, loyalty, and religion. Instead of seeking to inculcate a kind and brotherly spirit in the country, they widen and aggravate differences, sow dissensions, and kindle animosities; and convert this country into one vast Aceldama, or field of blood. My intercourse with the poor proves them to be naturally brave, generous, hospitable, and kind.—Even amid the numerous bands of United Irishmen who nightly spread desolation throughout the land—in the very centre of rebellion—we have individually experienced acts of kindness and generosity. The gentry, with some honourable exceptions, are an extravagant, dissipated, and drunken race. They revel, carouse, hunt, drink, and quarrel; and then the dearest friend, the nearest relative, is sacrificed to their sense of mistaken honour. He who most frequently hazards his own life, or takes that of his friend, is the county hero. There seems a total want of moral feeling throughout the land; religion, except as a round of outward ceremonies, penances, confessions, pilgrimages, and other such observances, is unknown among them. A good Catholic is not necessarily a good man; he may live in the practice of every vice, and in the neglect of every duty, moral, social, and civil, and yet be eminent as an observer of fasts, a reckoner of beads, and a babbler of Ave Marias and Pater-nosters. Doubtless among the Catholics, and in the priesthood also, there are many worthy and estimable characters, to whom these observations do not apply; but as a general character, the statement will, I fear, be found perfectly correct.

Since the arrival of the new Viceroy, the measures of government assume a more benign aspect. The Marquis seeks to employ conciliation; and to soothe rather than to irritate

these misguided people. Every hour unfolds events of the most distressing character; the atrocities every day perpetrated, exceed belief. Revenge seems the one ruling motive and principle by which both parties are instigated. This little town is a concentration of every sorrow and calamity which can afflict humanity; poverty and misery are the lot of those who late were nursed in the lap of ease and affluence; the bride mourns her husband, and the new-born infant cries, with unavailing bitterness, for the breast on which it so lately hung; whilst many a mother, widowed and rendered childless by the hand of barbarity, or the extremity of suffering, seeks to forget her own bereavements in her kindness to the weeping orphans by whom she is surrounded. Let it be recorded to the honour of this country, and of our common nature, that in this community of afflicted humanity, charity knows no distinction of persons, or of parties. Poverty, destitution, and suffering, are the only claims here known and recognized.—Whilst penning the preceding lines, Henry arrived from Waterford, with dispatches from the horse-guards; we are all tremblingly anxious as to their import. Rumour, always busy, has already invented, circulated, and contradicted a thousand different reports. For myself, I only desire a return to England.—My mind indulges in a thousand forebodings; but the fate of my little Emily absorbs every other feeling and consideration.—Doubt and uncertainty are terminated. Henry's regiment is ordered to the rock of Gibraltar: what may there await us, heaven only knows; in one respect I shall be gratified,—in visiting lands, the cradle of science, and the nurse of arms,—where the Imperial Eagle conquered, where philosophy had Plato and Socrates, Cicero and Cato, for her pupils; and where the arts attained to maturity, fostered by the genius of Greece and Rome.

D. D.

(To be continued.)

HOPE.

Ah! Hope is oft a waking dream,—

A false, misguiding, dazzling beam,—

That leads the heart, by her betrayed,

Still deeper, through affliction's shade.

A. E. P.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.—England. By Henry Neele. 1828.
3 vols. 12mo.

A learned foreigner, some time since, published a History of Rome, one great object of which, was to demonstrate that the earlier portion of the annals of the Eternal City, as recorded by Livy, Dionysius, and Plutarch, are as completely romantic as the tales of the Grecian mythologists; and, indeed, fiction is intimately blended with the ancient history of every nation. It is the proper office of the historian to separate truth from falsehood, and neglecting what is fabulous and improbable, to draw lessons of instruction from the authentic narrative of past events.

Very different is the plan pursued by the author of the work before us. Instead of attempting to extract genuine information from the mixture of fact or fable contained in the chronicles of antiquity, he has avowedly engrafted the inventions of imagination on the most flourishing branches of our national history. Mr. Neele says, in his preface, "The following tales are all founded upon facts in English history:" and he adds "the aid of fiction has, indeed, been made use of, but no important historical event has been falsified; and where the author has wandered farthest from the strict fact, he has yet endeavoured to be true to the spirit and manners of the age in which the scene is laid. It will also be found, that the most marvellous and improbable of the events narrated in these volumes, are by no means the least authentic. '*Le vrai*,' says a French author, '*n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*.'"

We are disposed to object altogether to this scheme of turning history into romance, as adapted to answer no purpose whatsoever, beyond that of mere amusement, even if executed with the utmost skill and judgment. But Mr. Neele's performance is defective, not only in the plan, but also in the details. Several inaccuracies might be pointed out in his delineations of the customs and manners of the middle ages; and not a few misrepresentations of characters and historical events. Yet many of his tales are highly entertaining, and even interesting; and, considered as a series of mere novelettes, his work deserves commendation. He has attempted "to illustrate the reign of every sovereign by at least one tale." The well-known story of Catherine Grey, and her husband, the Earl of Hertford, forms the illustration of the reign of Elizabeth; and the following extract from it will furnish a fair specimen of the faults and beauties of "The Romance of History."

The Queen is represented as being enamoured of the Earl; and after the discovery of his connexion with Catherine, her majesty's jealousy induces

her to confine them in separate apartments in the Tower. The lieutenant of that fortress had permitted his prisoners to have an interview, notwithstanding express orders to the contrary: and just at the instant of their meeting, Elizabeth, who is supposed to be residing at the Tower, determines to visit the captive Earl:

"The blood faded from Warner's cheek, his knees knocked against each other, and so violent was the agitation of his whole frame, that he was for some time unable to utter a syllable in reply to the queen's address.

"*'How now, Master Lieutenant!'* asked Elizabeth; *'what means this? My resolution is, perhaps, a somewhat singular one; but surely there is in it nothing so appalling that it should banish the blood from your cheek, and prevent your limbs from performing their functions. Lead on, I say—'*

"*'Gracious madam!'* said Warner, *'pause a moment ere you take this step.'*

"*'Not an instant, Sir Edward,'* said the queen, *'How! do you dispute the commands of your sovereign?'*

"*'Then, most dread sovereign,'* said the lieutenant, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his secret, and throwing himself at the queen's feet, *'pardon, pardon, for the most guilty of your majesty's subjects.'*

"*'Ha!'* said the queen, using the favourite interjection of her father, while his own proud spirit flashed in her kindled eye, and lowered in her darkening brow; *'what dost thou mean?'*

"*'The Earl of Hertford is not in his dungeon.'*

"*'What, escaped! Traitor—slave—hast thou suffered him to escape?'*

"Warner grovelled on the ground in the most abject posture at the queen's feet, and his frame trembled in every fibre as he said, *'He is in the Lady Catherine's apartment,'*

"*'What! ho there!'* shouted the queen, as the white foam gathered on her lip, and her own frame became agitated, though not with fear, but with uncontrollable anger. *'Guards, seize the traitor!'*

"Several yeomen of the guard immediately entered the apartment, and seized the lieutenant of the Tower, binding his arms behind him, but not depriving him of his weapons. The queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Catherine Gray, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly-wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catherine Gray in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

"*'Seize him—away with him to instant execution!'* said the queen.

"The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

" 'Seize him! I say,' exclaimed the queen. 'I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit.'

"The guards immediately surrounded the earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Catherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

" 'Away, minion!' said the queen; 'he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed.'

" 'Not yet, great queen, not yet!' said Catherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. 'Can naught save him!'

" 'Naught, save my death,' said the queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, 'or, perchance, or thine.'

"Catherine's ear caught the last part of the queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, 'Thy death, or mine, O queen! then thus,' she added, 'plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft, 'thus may his life be spared!'

"A cry of 'treason! treason!' pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Catherine and the queen, whose life she seemed to threaten, but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand; she had buried it in her own bosom.

" 'Now, now do I claim thy promise, O queen!' she said, as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from her wound. 'Catherine Gray can no longer disturb thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour.'

"Her last breath was spent on these words—he last gaze was fixed upon the queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Catherine Gray was released from all its sorrows.

"The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her kinswoman's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had given for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon, where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth at the expiration of that period released him from his captivity; and then, although he was unable to restore the Lady Catherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful, he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the issue of that ill-fated union,

Several pleasing pieces of poetry are interspersed through these volumes, which are dedicated, by permission, to his majesty.

THE SHIPWRECK, a Tale of Arabia: and other Poems. By A. E. P.
1827. 12mo.

This is the work of a lady, who, in a short advertisement, states her hopes "that the apology of youth may be accepted for her failures in poetic excellence." The pieces in this volume possess various degrees of merit. Some of them might, without any diminution of the reputation of the fair writer, have been retained in her port-folio. That the miscellany which she has presented to the public, is not destitute of attraction, will, however, be perceived from the ensuing specimen of its contents:—

LOVE.

Thou art, O Love! the morning ray,
O'er future hours its lustre beaming;
But time shall bear that morn away,
With joy, and hope, and promise gleaming.

Yes! there are clouds that will o'ershade,
Tears, that must dim thy sun of gladness;
Hours, that shall see thy glories fade,
And turn thy smiles to pensive sadness.

Away, vain power! nor think to find
In Anna's heart one spot to shrine thee;
Thy vows might suit a gentler mind,
Prompt to believe as to resign thee.

Light Fancy's fool! capricious elf!
Whose wish obtained must wake some other;
Whose office is to plague thyself,
Whose highest hope, to plague another.

I see thee now—I see the smile
That lights thy cheek, with triumph glowing;
But, half concealed, I mark, the while,
The hand of Care her thorn bestowing.

For know, the spell that framed the wreath
Has doomed its brightest charms to wither;
Has fixed a crown of thorns beneath,
And stolen the rose and Love together.

Oh! who would trust, though e'er so bright,
The meteors over darkness playing;
Nor view with dread the wildering light,
So sweetly mid the twilight straying?

And who would trust thee, treacherous power!

Whose mazes lead to darkness surely,

While soft, mid Life's sad twilight hour,

Gleam other lights so kind and purely?

Some milder prize shall deck my brow,

Fair Friendship's pensive flower of even;

And Hope, a bud of promise now,

That smiles a world of bliss in Heaven.

THE KUZZILBASH; a Tale of Khorasan. 1828. 3 vols. 12mo.

It is the fashion, at present, to adopt the form of a novel as the vehicle for all sorts of information. The author of the "Tale of Khorasan" is a traveller; and having filled his journal with narratives and descriptions, in the course of his wanderings through Persia, and the adjoining countries, he has interwoven its contents with an interesting story, and furnished an amusing novel, instead of a dull oriental tour.

We can only find room for the following scene of Eastern luxury:—

"I perceived that I was in a small apartment, exquisitely fitted up with all that could contribute to comfort and to luxury. The roof was painted with flowers of azure and gold; richly flowered hangings of felt and silk covered the greater part of the walls; and the shelves and recesses were filled with china and other ornamental toys. Carpets of the most brilliant colours covered the floor, and along the top and sides of the room were spread the thickest and softest numuds of Kermaun. A brilliant fire of wood, blazing in a handsome recess, diffused at once a delightful fragrance and a genial heat through the apartment;—and several silver lamps, and candlesticks bearing waxen tapers, shed a light equal to that of noon-day. But it was not immediately that these particulars could be observed, for my whole faculties were at first engrossed by one object; and that was a lady of majestic mien and richly dressed, who sat leaning upon a silken cushion, at the upper end of the apartment. * * She was tall and elegantly formed; the cypress waist of the poets was well illustrated by her figure and her gait. A vest of green velvet, embroidered with gold, and lined with fur, was confined about her waist by an orange-coloured shawl; while another of rich crimson, and of ample dimensions, floated around her person, and fell in graceful folds almost to her feet. A black silk veil, falling from her large turban, half-hid and half-displayed a face which left the gazer no power of dwelling on lesser beauties. The black-pencilled brow rose over an eye full and dark as the antelope's, but piercing and commanding like the eagle's; while a cheek, vying in its hue with the blossom of the pomegranate, gave earnest of all the loveliness which was yet concealed. * * She clapped her hands three times, upon which a private door opened, and three or four female slaves entered, bearing trays

covered with the choicest dishes. Our appetites were courted by the most delicately-seasoned kabaubs and stews, omelettes, creams, and sweetmeats; and the richest sherbets of pomegranates, of limes, and of cinnamon, flavoured with rose-water, mantled in china basins, to quench our thirst. Fatimah, with the sweetest smile, now invited me to sit by herself, and helped me with her own hand to the choicest morsels, first tasting them to give them an additional relish. I, in my turn, when I found a dish of surpassing flavour, entreated her to accept of a portion from my hand, placing it myself upon the cake of bread before her."

SALATHIEL; a story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. 1828. 3 vols. Post 8vo.

The hero of this powerfully-written tale is the *Wandering Jew*. A single quotation will suffice to recommend this work to the perusal of our readers.

"Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. * * All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crashed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava. * *

"The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smokes that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in re-assurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow streets before us, and made the passage next to impassable. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and, fortunately for us, fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught

fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest: a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. —He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man."

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT, By the Rev. Weaver Walter, M. A. Edinburgh. 1828. 8vo.

This is not a work deserving of unmixed commendation; for the scenes which Mr. Walter describes have been too frequently visited to supply food for much novelty of remark, nor does he make amends for the deficiency of interest in his subject, by the display of any extraordinary share of erudition, or depth of research. He has, however, in an unpretending manner, related much that he has seen and heard, which, if it has not the charm of absolute novelty, may yet afford pleasing information to those who are not too fastidious.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR APRIL, 1828.

BALL DRESS.

A DRESS of transparent gauze *lisse*, worn over a rich, white satin slip. The skirt is of moderate length; and finished at the bottom by a new and beautiful shell trimming, composed of the same material as the dress. Each puffing is divided by a light running wreath of flowers, surmounted by a full-blown rose and foliage; the hem is wadded, and headed by deep satin rouleaux. The boddice is made high in the bust, but falling considerably off the shoulders: the slight fulness in the front is confined by a small bouquet. The sleeves are round, and short, and beautifully trimmed with satin. Bands, edged with narrow blond lace. Necklace and ear-rings of pearl; gold bracelets. Long white kid gloves, and white satin shoes, finish this light and most elegant spring dress.

CARRIAGE-DRESS.

A PELISSE of dove-coloured gros de Naples. The boddice is made plain, and exactly fitting the shape; over it is worn a pelerine, descending only to the waist. Sleeves *à la Marie*. The only variations yet introduced in this long-favoured sleeve, are two narrow bands above the elbow, over which the fulness is allowed to fall. Points, at the wrists, are still considered the most elegant finish, and are very generally adopted. The skirt is made very full behind, (a style of dress extremely becoming to tall and slender figures,) crossed down the front with small silk buttons, and finished round the bottom with a flat trimming, silk buttons confining each division. The hem is fully wadded, throwing the skirt out as much as possible. French hat, of silk, fancifully trimmed, with rich sarsenet riband. Gold chains, clasps, and bracelets. Ljmerick gloves, and black satin shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.

THE fashionable head-dress for the present month varies but little from our last. The bows are dressed very high, and brought forward; the front hair is decidedly preferred in the full light curl. Gauze ribands, of gold and silver tissue, or



Fashionable Carriage & Ball Dresses for April 1828.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint. Edward St. Portman Square.

Published April 1st 1828. by Dean & Munday. Threadneedle Street.

gold flowers, are still much in favour; but, in many instances, feathers have been introduced, with considerable effect.

For these elegant dresses we are indebted to the taste of Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the tasteful head-dress, to Mr. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-street.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

PELISSES of gros de Naples, elegantly ornamented with bias folds, cut in points, are much admired for the promenade. They fasten imperceptibly down the front, with small gold springs underneath the folds. Velvet and satin pelisses, trimmed with chinchilla and other rich furs, are very generally worn, as are also mantles in every style of out-door dress. Some pelisses of blue merino, trimmed with light-coloured sable, have been worn during the late cold weather, but are not so general as might have been expected. A very beautiful walking-dress is composed of cameleopard-yellow gros de Naples, trimmed with a broad flounce round the border, pinked in scallops, and headed by a full frill of the same material. A rich cachemire shawl, of a dark myrtle green, with a broad border of lively and variegated colours, is worn with this elegant dress.

We have seen a few coloured satin hats, lined with velvet, in carriages; but black velvet is still the prevailing mode for hats and bonnets. Some of the latter are ornamented with puffings of pink satin, and a long weeping-willow feather, of black and pink intermingled. Aigrette feathers, and long drooping plumes of the weeping willow kind, are often worn with black hats; but for the promenade, they are more usually plain, that is, free from feathers or flowers; though no expence is spared in the profuse trimming of velvet, satin, and gauze riband. Coloured satin ribands, richly striped, still enliven the black velvet bonnets.

Satin and white dresses, of gros de Naples, are much in favour for evening parties. A very beautiful dress of apricot coloured crape, over white satin, appeared a few evenings ago: the border was trimmed *en jabots* of the same material; and a pointed zone of satin, of the same colour, encircled the waist, clasped with a diamond buckle on one side. The bust was tastefully marked out by drapery-flutings of satin down each side, and the gown was made low, but very becoming: the sleeves were long and transparent, confined at the wrists by diamond bracelets.

For a dress-party, a robe of Chinese rose-coloured crape, is considered in high fashion: it is made with full plaitings across the bust, the fallings confined downwards by rich silk cord: this beautiful dress is highly ornamented with white blond. Another elegant evening dress is greatly admired for its chaste simplicity: it consists of a gown of cameleopard-yellow gros de Naples; the corsage is made tight to the shape, and round the tucker part is a row of Castilian points, of the same material as the dress, trimmed round with narrow blond; a flounce of points, finished in the same manner, ornamented the border.

The most distinguished ball-dresses are chiefly white, though a few are of coloured Indian taffety, elegantly painted in stripes, with the most splendid oriental colours. Those of white satin, tastefully trimmed with gauze or tulle, and of white Japanese crape, over peach, pink, or other beautiful colours, are very pleasing to the eye. We have seen some beautiful dresses of white satin, ornamented with blond, of a rich pattern, with long sleeves of transparent blond, confined, at the wrists, with pearl bracelets. The border of these dresses is superb; having between two flounces of blond, a broad border of satin, painted with flowers, beautifully grouped together, in the most brilliant colours. Another dress, of ruby-coloured velvet, was much admired. It was bordered with two very broad flounces of rich white blond, set on in festoons, each headed by a full rouleau of white satin.

Turban caps are much in favour with married ladies. They are generally made of folds of white and coloured gauze, ornamented with rich riband, and a few flowers. The caps for home costume, and morning-dress, are, for the former, of fine lace or blond, with large puffs of coloured gauze ribands, and sometimes a few flowers: For the *dejeûné*, they are of fine India muslin, richly, yet lightly embroidered, with bows of gauze riband, and satin stripes. Head-dresses, *à l'Incas*, are very becoming to some features. For the ball-room, the hair of young ladies is arranged in very full clusters of curls, on each side of the face; the bow is rather small, consisting only of two loops of hair, and not much elevated: at the base of this is a white rose, and behind the bow is a splendid bouquet, consisting of scarlet and white double garden poppies, ears of corn, and spiral white flowers. The ear-pendants are of gold.

The most fashionable colours are Indian-red, ethereal-blue, cameleopard-yellow, apricot, and laurel-leaf green.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, March 16th, 1828.

FURS were never in so much request as during the present winter; every lady wearing them according to circumstances, their intrinsic value indicating the rank of the parties. Boa tippets, Russian mantelets, throat tippets, muffs, Witzchoura borders to pelisses, and their linings, are all composed of the most costly furs. There are, however, some satin pelisses which have not so wintry an appearance; these are generally black, and their trimming consists of a mixture of Astracan fur and the small feathers of the toukan, orange-colour and red. This beautiful trimming is put on in the style of a pyramid, in the form of spatulas.

Hats of blue satin have appeared, ornamented with a very long, curled feather, fixed on the right side of the crown by a bow of satin riband. Also some silk hats of marsh-mallow-blossom colour. Satin hats, whether rose-colour, blue, or white, have a small veil of blond, and are ornamented with a long plume formed of several feathers grouped together.

Evening dresses of cherry-coloured satin and of pink crape, are very general; they have short sleeves, and are made very full. Dresses of iron-grey cachemire, are ornamented at the border with a broad bias, above which are three *rouleaux* of satin, at about a finger's-breadth distant from each other. This trimming ascends above the knee: indeed, the trimmings of all dresses are carried very high, and the waists are very long.

Bêrets of pink crape are much worn by young married ladies, and dress hats of the same colour by matrons. A *bêret* of rose-coloured velvet, is in high estimation; over it is thrown a *fichu* of white blond, the two ends of which fall over the shoulders in front of the bust; on the right side, this *fichu* is raised up by a bouquet of half-blown roses. At the theatre are seen *bêrets* composed entirely of puffs of riband, so disposed as to mingle with the bows of hair: this is a very becoming and elegant head-dress.

Small blond caps are ornamented with heath-blossoms, disposed in wreaths, and, placed under the border, on the hair in front. The strings are fixed on the summit of the head, and float over the shoulders.

The favourite colours are celestial-blue, bird of Paradise yellow, pearl grey, pink, and cherry colour.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

"THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY."

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

A THUNDER-STORM! the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber driven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt the Omnipresence round him thrown?
And what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears?
The leaves all shiv'ring with expectant fears;
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A veiling fervour round creation spread;
And last, the heavy rain's reluctant showers,
With big drops patt'ring on the trees and bowers;
While wizard shapes the louring sky deform,
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!
Oh! now to be alone on some still height,
Where heaven's black curtains hang before the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms clash;
While fleet and far the lightning-daggers flash,
Like rocks in battle on the ocean's bed,
While the dashed billows foam around their head!
To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace flames that in their wombs repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies!
How stirs the spirit while the thunders roll,
And some vast Presence rocks from pole to pole!

A WOUNDED SPIRIT, WHO CAN BEAR?

I SAID of friendship, 'tis a charm
To soothe life's thorny way:
For such a friend will never harm,—
Such friendship ne'er decay.

I said of love, this sure will last,
My wintry hours to cheer.
My friend grew cold,—love's vision past,—
I found it hard to bear.

I said of youth, 'tis manhood's pride;—
Of health, 'tis surely mine;—
And laughing gaiety beside,
All, all were in their prime.

I was content with what I had,
And cherished gifts were there;—
Their loss, I own, it made me sad,
But *this* I learned to bear:

Youth bowed to time, and health decayed;
My gaiety was gone;—
My heart's warm feeling ill repaid,—
I seemed to stand alone.

The innocence of early life
Was lost; and sad despair
In my poor bosom held such strife,
'Twas more than I could bear.

A wounded spirit, who can bear?
Man's conscience may sustain
Him in the midst of want and care,
Of bitterness and pain:

But when thought turns to time mispent,
Without regret or care;
With tears of anguish I repent:—
'Tis more than I can bear.

The weight too greivous is for me ;
 'Twill sink me to the grave,
 Did I not, Saviour, look to thee?—
 Thou who alone canst save.

Man's pride may teach him to sustain
 A load of scorn and care ;
 And oh! a wounded spirit's pain,
 Through Thee I learn to bear.

MARY.

 LINES.

THE moon on the ocean shines sweetly to-night,
 She tranquilly shines on her mirror of light,
 And reflects her bright form on the billow ;
 How sweetly she lulls the sad heart to repose,
 Which feels that it holds gentle converse with those,
 Who rest on a far distant pillow !

Yet the mountains and rocks cast a mantle of gloom,
 To remind the young heart of mortality's doom,
 In this scene of enchantment and light ;
 We should dream that our lives might flow calmly serene,
 Unruffled by storms, like this beautiful scene ;
 If *they*, like the ocean, were bright !

They look dark as the cloud disappointment will cast
 O'er scenes far too bright, too enchanting, to last,
 Where all that is lively must perish ;
 We gaily embark on life's treacherous wave ;
 But alas! from the wreck we are able to save
 But few of the joys we would cherish.

All the gems which in fortune's gay coronet shine,
 How gladly this poor simple heart would resign,
 For pleasures thus calm and serene ;
 To gaze on the moon upon ocean's clear breast,
 Delighted to roam with the friends I love best,
 And forget the gay world's busy scene.

L.

IN MEMORY OF MARY.

TAKE, take to thy bosom, oh! earth, for a season,
This beautiful form,—let it moulder in dust;
And while tears blind our eyes, yet our hope and our reason
Assure us, ere long, thou shalt yield up thy trust.

The lily is sullied, and faded the roses;
And closed is the beautiful beam of the eye;
Yet calm are her slumbers;—how sweet she reposes!—
Then take her, oh! earth, in thy bosom to lie.

The seed we have sown shall arise to perfection;
Immortality shall from these ashes arise;—
Then adieu, for a time, thou beloved of affection,
It will not be long ere we meet in the skies.

D. L. J.

SONG.

Air.—A Rose-Tree in full bearing.

THE evening ray now trembles
Upon the wide and troubled sea,
How sweetly it resembles
The parting look which beamed on me:
For till that ray shall waken,
No light will shine on ocean's breast;
Nor can I, while forsaken
By that dear look of love, be blest!

No more we roam delighted
Through scenes we both too fondly love!
But still, with hearts united,
Affection's sweetest power we'll prove;
For though the sea must sever
Our forms, and sorrow's tide we stem,
Our thoughts still cling together,
For fate has no controul o'er them.

L.

THE PILGRIM'S GRAVE.

A lonely valley, 'twixt Olivet river,
 Marked out the spot,
 Mantled from all, save the sweet light of Heaven,
 That seemed to whisper "There his hope was given,
 "Who sleeps forgot!"

He left home, kindred, country, for a doom,
 Friendless and lone;
 With faith and hope his pathway to illumine;
 And in the shadow of his mountain tomb,
 He sunk unknown.

No footstep broke the marble of his sleep,
 In wandering by;
 Nor sound disturbed, save such as oft will creep
 Through the far heaven, to leave on earth a deep,
 Solitary sigh.

If thus to steal in silence to that bourne,
 With none to tell
 The traveller's weary pilgrimage, or mourn
 The parted spirit, be its best return,
 Then slept he well.

A small, rude cross, with this inscription fraught,
 Heaved o'er his breast:
 "A lowly pilgrim, by religion taught,
 In his loved Saviour's holy footsteps sought,
 And found, a rest!"

ANNETTE TURNER.

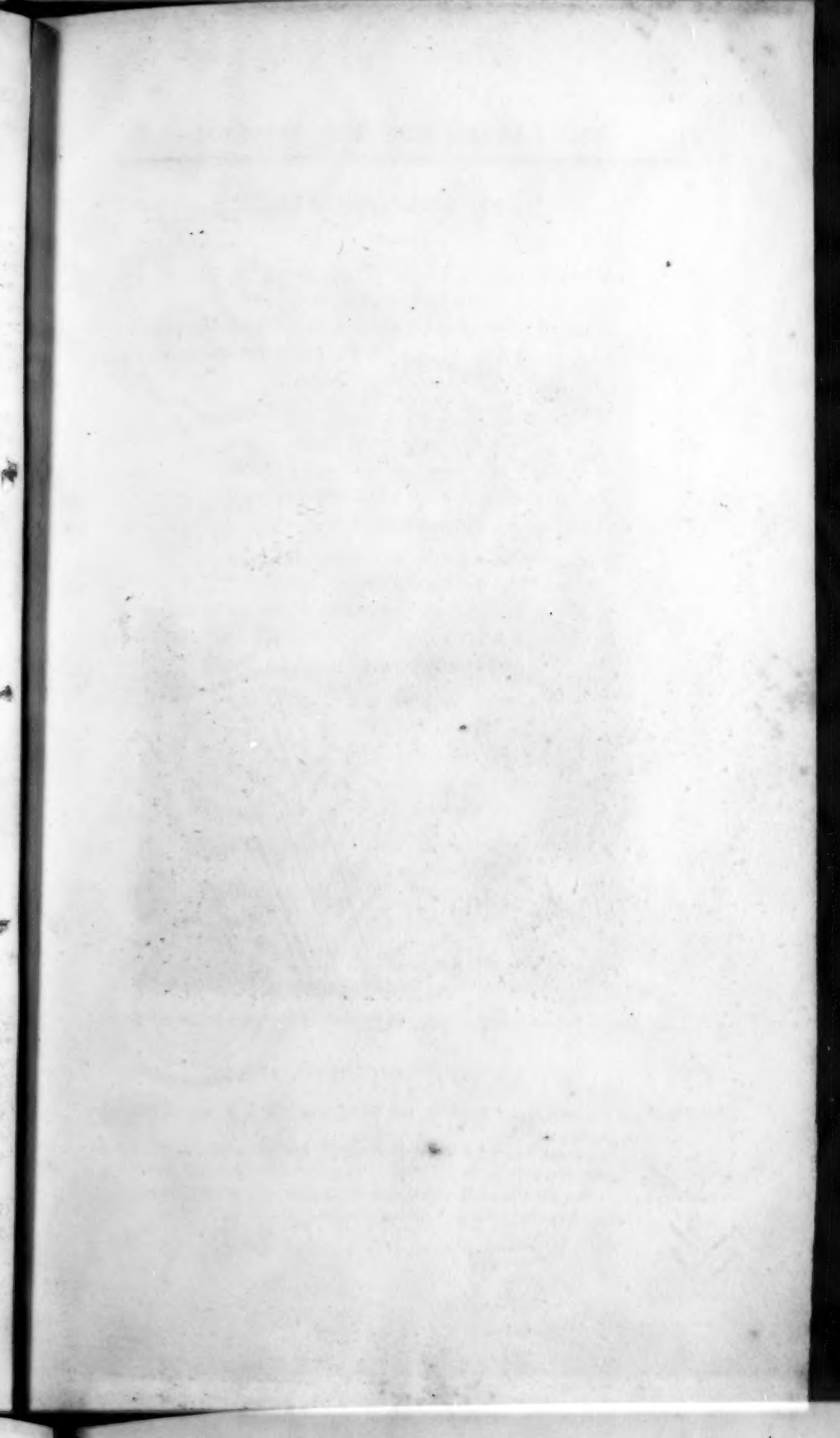
NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to regret that "Prudence and Prodigality," by T. T. was omitted to be acknowledged last month.

"Charles Edwards," and "A Constant Reader," are informed that the Volume of Music is completed.

"To a Nameless One," and other stanzas, by Charles M., are received.

"The Crimea," a tale, and the "Grecian Captive," are unsuited to our pages.



THE LADIES MONTHLY MAGAZINE



Drawn by Henry Corbould.

Engraved by Charles Rolls.

THE EPICUREAN.

STAY, BEAUTIFUL VISION, STAY!

Published May 1838, by James Robins & Co. 17, Lane, London.